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January 31, 1963 25¢

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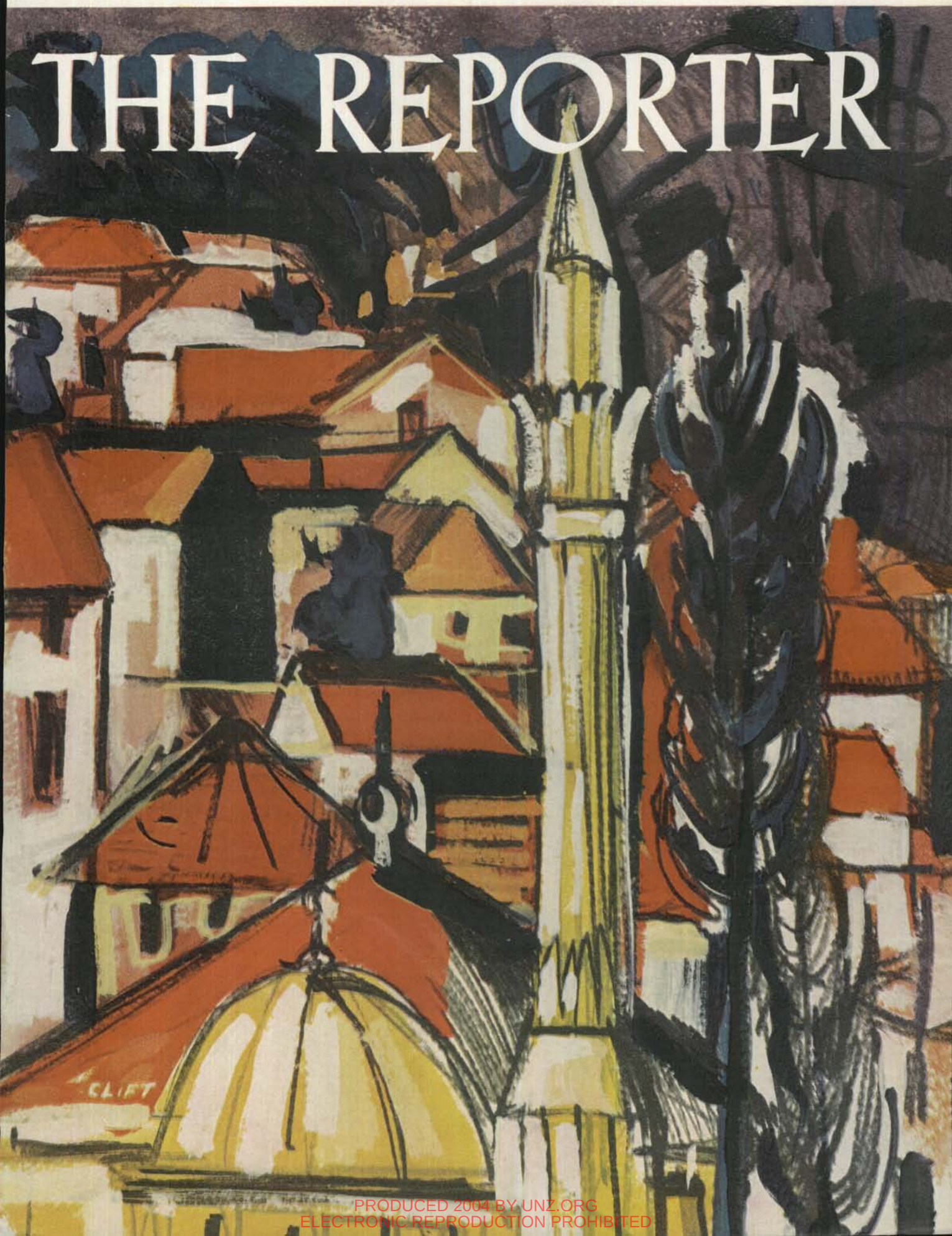

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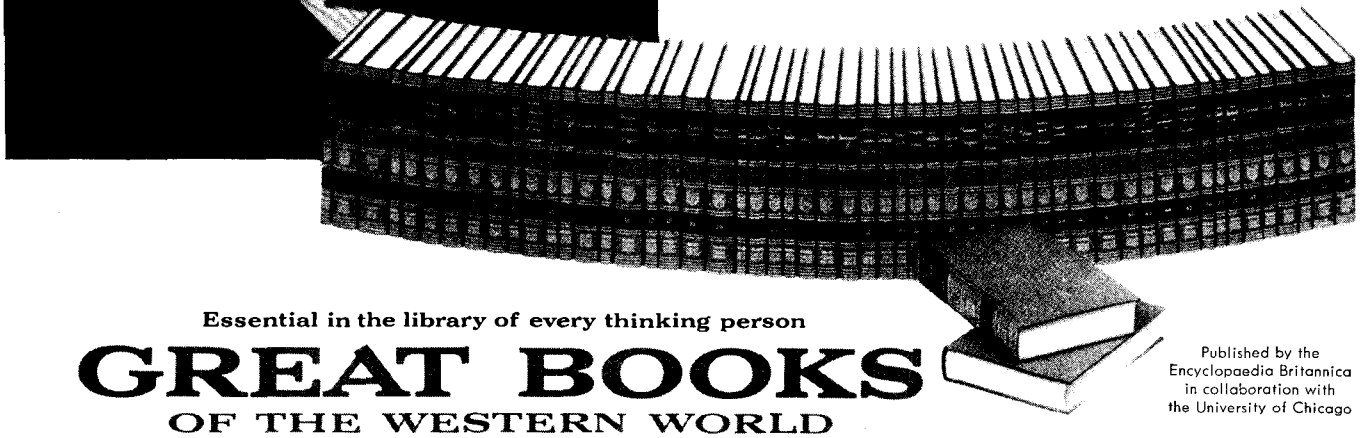

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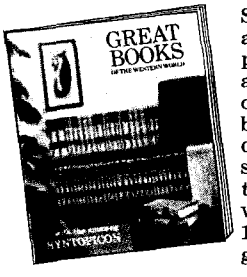

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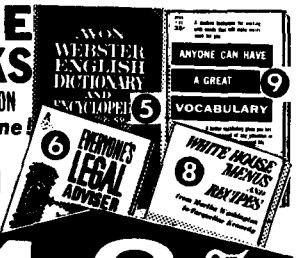
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A Study in Scarlet

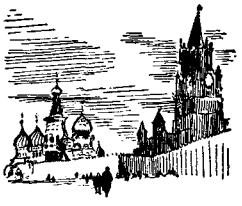
In less than 45 years, Communism has already brought more than one-third of the world under its control. By all democratic standards, this is a highly improper fraction.

Yet, the free-world still isn't adequately aware (despite reminders from Cuba, Berlin and Vietnam) of international Marxism's ambition to become the only wheel in town.

This state of affairs is precisely what motivates NBC's new "Profile on Communism," a series of four, prime-nighttime specials that may rank as television's most significant contribution to an understanding of the nature of Communism.

Close to the Action

The first two of the four programs will be NBC White Papers under the executive production of Irving Gitlin; and the initial of these—"The Death of Stalin"—will be aired this Sunday, Jan. 27. It will lean heavily on first-hand accounts of diplomats, newsmen and government officials at or near Communist fountainheads of power at critical junctures in Red growth. Their reports will show, among other things, that undeviating mistrust has always dominated Communist thinking.



More than ten years ago, for example, the terribly suspicious Stalin had already expelled American ambassador George Kennan. Five months later, Joseph himself—in apparently good health at 72—died in circumstances as eerie as the 39 steppes.

Why didn't any of Stalin's natural heirs — Beria, Malenkov or Molotov—take over for the next quarter-century? Just how did Nikita Khrushchev, a party secretary virtually unknown outside his country, wind up as today's undisputed strong-man of the Soviet realm?

These and many other riddles will be explored in the two White Papers, the second of which ("The Rise of Khrushchev") goes on exactly one Sunday later. Narrating these openers for Gitlin and writer-producer Fred Freed will be Chet Huntley. This is the same trio which figured so largely in last season's unforgettable White Papers on "Red China" and "Khrushchev and Berlin." Some time later this season will come the third and fourth of this current series. The earlier of this pair will be a primer for teen-agers, "Who Goes There?" and will be written and narrated by Bob ("Update") Abernethy. In it, producer Robert J. ("The Trial of Adolph Eichmann") Northshield will explain such historical matters as why Communism found such great receptivity in the Soviet Union.

The last program of the four will be a 90 minute study entitled "An Encyclopedia of Communism." It will be a first-of-its-kind analysis of Red strengths and weaknesses in the satellite nations, the "uncommitted" countries, and the newer states of Africa and Asia. Writer-producer is Lou ("Shakespeare: Soul of an Age") Hazam.

When "The Profile on Communism" series runs to its conclusion, the American televiewer should have the clearest idea ever of the background and design of world Marxism.

Behind the Timing

There can be little speculation why NBC is putting the cream of its journalistic and artistic resources into this coming series. The suspenseful week off the Cuba coast this past October demonstrated that the scope of the Soviet design in the Western Hemisphere mustn't be underevaluated for a moment. The earliest signs may be subtle—like the installation of Soviet missile bases outside of Havana. The next indications could be unmistakable.

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

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PERSONNEL FOR THE NEW DIPLOMACY

Report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs Personnel

Honorable Christian A. Herter, Chairman

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE MOOD of the country has changed greatly in the last three months. First there was a sigh of relief when the Russians, correctly gauging our determination not to let Cuba become a Communist missile base, backed away from a confrontation that could all too easily become the beginning of the Third World War. But now relief has become complacency. In his State of the Union message, our cool and hard-headed President himself has told us that things are going well. The Communists have plenty of troubles of their own, and while no one is asking out loud what the country can do for him, it appears that the best thing a patriotic American can do for his country is to grit his teeth and accept a tax cut. Reviewing some of the issues that remain distinctly unsettled in the world, **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial that it is a bit too early to start acting as if we were at peace. . . . Aside from a tax cut, the Kennedy administration has indicated that it is not going to try to get much out of the new Congress that has recently convened. Some predictions about what will happen on Capitol Hill during the next few months are offered by **Robert D. Novak,** who is on the staff of the *Wall Street Journal*. . . . One problem on which a number of legislators would like very much to pass some new laws—in a hurry, if need be—is labor-management relations. Strikes that drag on for week after week in key industries, damaging the entire economy and well-being of the nation, have been making a lot of people hot under the collar. What should the government's role be when collective bargaining breaks down? We decided to ask for a calm appraisal from a widely respected authority who happened to have a certain amount of time on his hands because of the New York newspaper strike. **A. H. Raskin,** who has covered many strikes over the years for the New York *Times*, now writes editorials on labor for that newspaper. Mr. Raskin concludes that one of the worst ways to try to cope with labor crises is by means of crisis legislation.

The January Congress of the East German Communist Party in East Berlin has provided further insight into the long and dubious battle over ideology within the Communist world. Among those whom Premier Khrushchev was most eager to win over to his side was Marshal Tito. **Anatole Shub** analyzes the long history of quarrels and reconciliations between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia. Mr. Shub is a Fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs, for which he is presently observing East European developments from Belgrade. . . . **Edward Neilan,** who has spent some years in Japan reporting for the *Christian Science Monitor*, reports on the enigmatic political assemblage that is known as the Japan Socialist Party. . . . The long story of Laos continues. **Philip Wright,** a free-lance writer in the Far East, discusses the personalities and prospects of the uneasy triumvirate that is attempting to rule that unhappy little country.

THE SETTING of **Antonio Barolini's** short story is Venice under German occupation, and while the sound of war reaches Venice muted by distance, the fear of swift retribution for those who serve in the Italian underground is ever sharp and close. Mr. Barolini spent some time in hiding during the war in Venice himself. . . . **Jay Jacobs** reports that Lawrence of Arabia, as seen in a current film, has become much taller than he was when he fought his desert wars. . . . **Nat Hentoff** points out that rather surprisingly there are still minstrels in the world and that they are not to be confused with folk singers. . . . **Alfred Kazin** discusses a book by W. H. Auden that sums up the poet's attitude toward the world we live in. Mr. Kazin's most recent work is *Contemporaries*, published by Little, Brown. . . . **Hans Landsberg,** a Washington economist, reviews an exhaustive study of Polish economic planning. . . . **James T. McCartin,** a free-lance writer, reviews the latest offering of a tumultuously reconstructed Irishman.

Our cover, an impression of Yugoslavia, is by **John Clift.**

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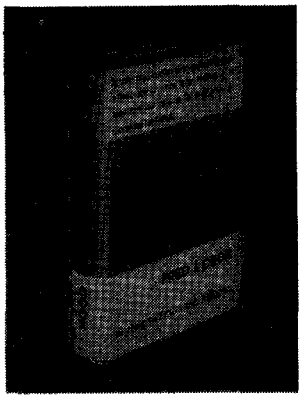

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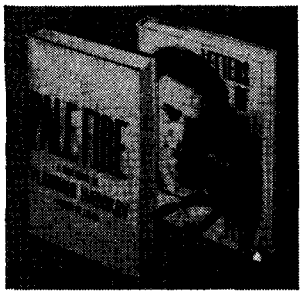

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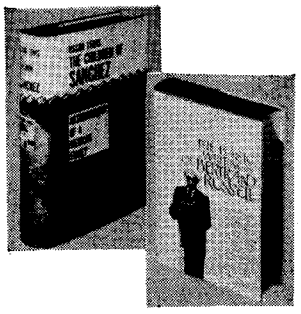

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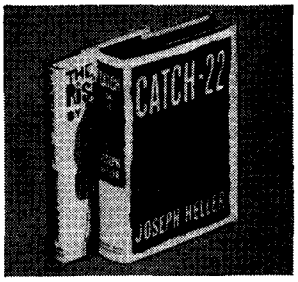

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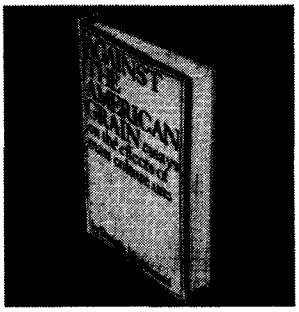

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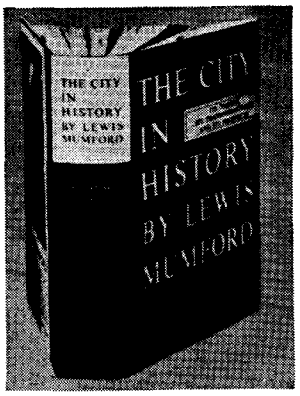

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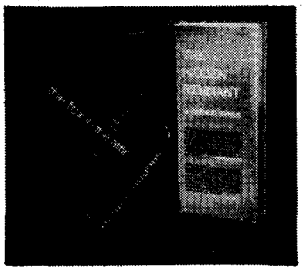

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THE PRESIDENT ON TV

To the Editor: Congratulations on your editorial Note of January 3, 1963, entitled "A Great Performance."

JOHN A. BESECKER
San Diego

To the Editor: It *was* a good show, the one the President put on with the help of three working journalists who were, as you say, blessedly free of the tendency to be "celluloid pundits." Sure, they were helping him rather than cross-examining him. But that can be done in the regular press conferences, and if the President has found a new and very effective way of getting his ideas across to the television audience, I say more power to him.

FREDERICK MORRIS
Philadelphia

To the Editor: I have been tempted now and then to write you my appreciation and respect for this fine magazine. Your editorial has finally brought me to it. My admiration for your writing comes partially of course because you say so adequately the things I *think*. *The Reporter* is like a fresh breeze from the ocean—with its salty tang—and thoroughly and deeply informing.

HAZEL BROWN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

'THE BEST-KEPT SECRET'

To the Editor: Max Frankel (*The Reporter*, January 3) has raised important questions and, just as importantly, challenges apparently prevailing attitudes.

I believe we have misunderstood the confrontation in Cuba and overrated its success. We were faced with a situation of power in Cuba we could not ignore. We need to be thankful that among the few alternatives for confronting the power play, our government made a successful choice and (in my opinion) the best one—just as we need to be thankful that Khrushchev, as a rational man, realized that in power terms Cuba was not worth a war. Perhaps there is a measure of failure in the diplomacy of both countries for allowing a situation where the choices on either side were so limited.

Our successful use of power has been enhanced by occurring at a time when a series of problems have come to a head for Russia, but the timing should not be confused with a cause-and-effect relationship. Our success has not changed any balance of power or any strategic considerations. The primary result of our success has been that it has afforded a new appreciation of American determination which must be

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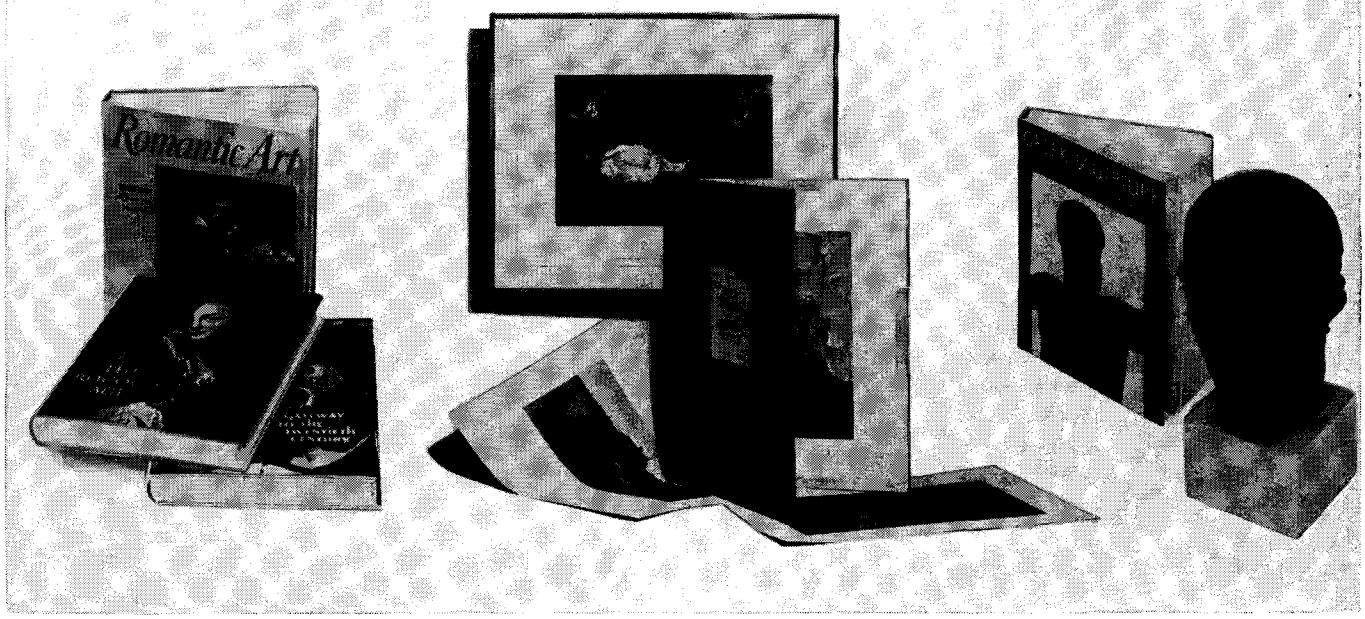

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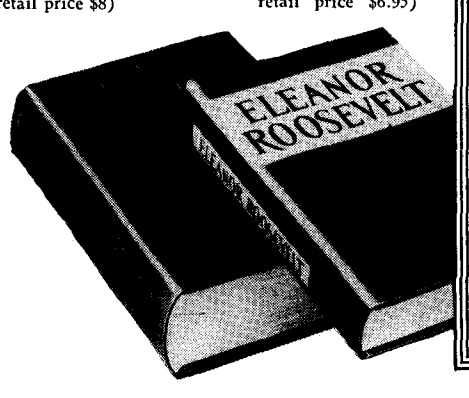

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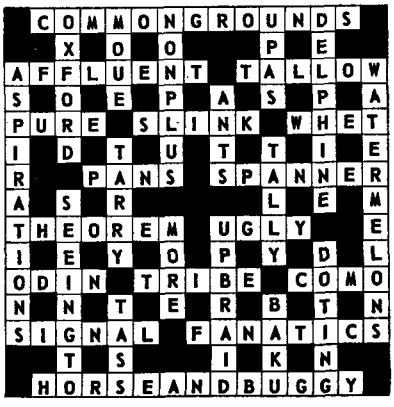

Acrostician—

ROSS BARNETT

taken into consideration in future diplomatic maneuvers. If we are going to benefit by our successful application of power, we must carry out on a sustained basis policies that in turn take into consideration the new respect for American determination and perhaps our own heightened appreciation for the proper use of power.

By building too much out of the drama of the moment, rather than building *from* it, we get the drift of policy Mr. Frankel deplores. Don't we come here to one of the problems that have beset the conduct of American foreign policy? Has there not long been a lack of understanding of the need for sustained and consistent development of policy in the conduct of foreign affairs?

MARTIN BERDIT
Plainfield, New Jersey

MR. HAGERTY

To the Editor: I admire Jim Hagerty very much, and I am especially grateful for the complimentary piece on the fine job he has done for ABC ("The Third Man in Network News," by Nat Hentoff, January 3).

LEROY COLLINS, President
National Association of Broadcasters
Washington, D.C.

WHICH MIFSWISSIMIN?

To the Editor: Just tonight my wife and I were discussing the plight of Hayes Jacobs, unable to send his friend Emkwig a Christmas card ("Greetings from Emkwig," *The Reporter*, January 3). I said, "All the idiot has to do is go down to the telephone company and look up Emkwig Mifswissimin in the London directory." She replied, "But, dear, what if there were two of them?"

(SIGNATURE ILLEGIBLE)
Berkeley, California

TWO JAPANS

To the Editor: I have read with much interest Reiko Nagura's article "Two Gatherings," in the January 3 issue. She well expresses the irritation and bewilderment the Japanese feel when Americans in their country urge them with great sincerity to cling to their old traditions instead of adopting American ways. The advice is well-meant, but seems to imply that although Americans maintain the right to tear down any old buildings which get in the way of "progress," the Japanese are condemned to live in a museum of antiquities for the greater delectation of western visitors.

I was pleased to note that Miss Nagura's views, as a Japanese, of the tea ceremony were similar to those I had reached from the other side. The tea ceremony is, if one wishes, a grossly commercial enterprise currently battening on the fondness of American tourists for quaint Japanese traditions. It

For Capital Reading All Year Long See Page 58

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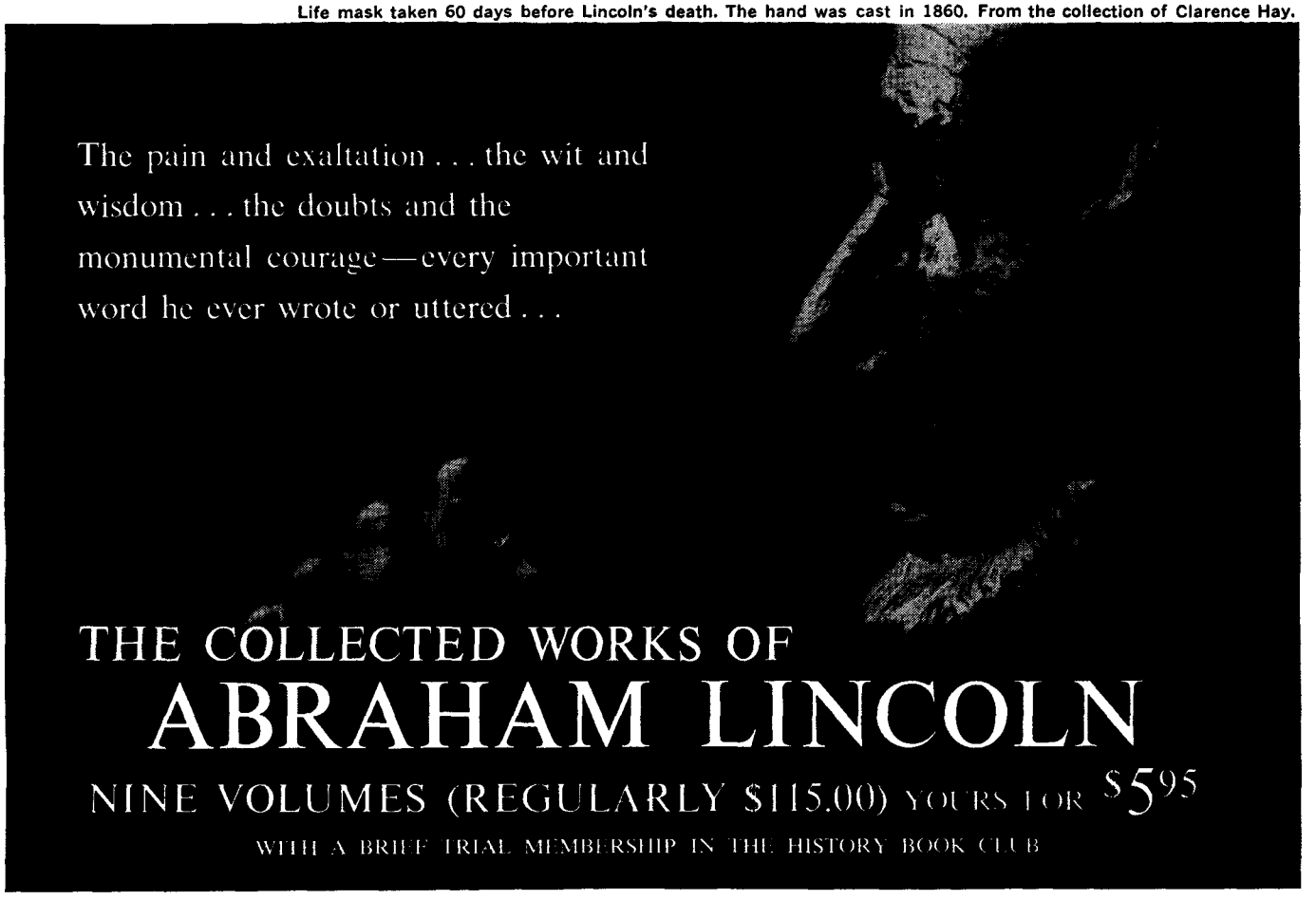
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.



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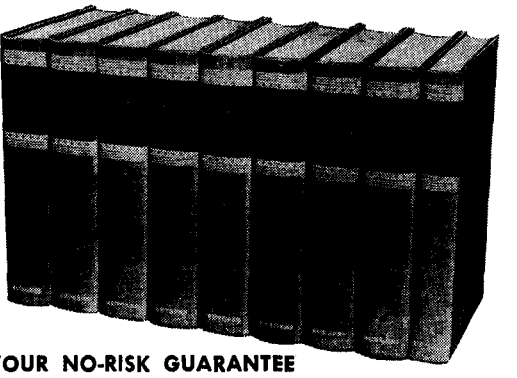

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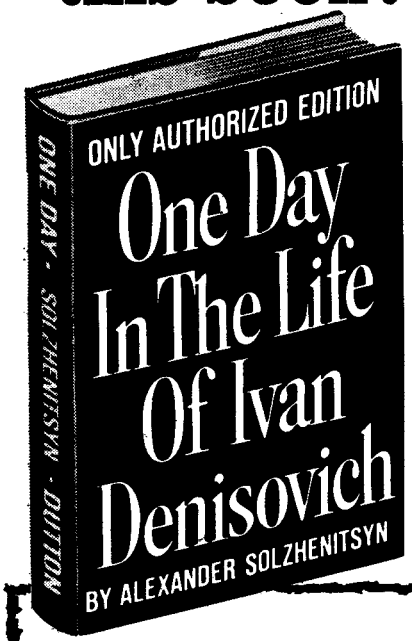

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thrives particularly among pretentious and socially aspiring families, much as playing the harp once figured in genteel homes here. It has developed a mystique based on snobbery and obscurantism. And yet it is somehow very moving, in precisely the way Miss Nagura described. The Japanese are well aware of the beauty of the tea ceremony, and it is less likely to perish by their neglect than by the ill-considered activities of the tourist trade seeking to delight Americans with a glimpse of the timeless East.

DONALD KEENE
New York

INDIANS AND TAXES

To the Editor: Laurence Stern's excellent article on the governing of the District of Columbia (*The Reporter*, December 20) contains one regrettable factual error. "District residents," he writes, "along with convicts and untaxed Indians, have no elective voice in their affairs." This dictum has no relevance to today's Indians. Since 1924 all Indians born in the United States have been citizens of this country and of the states where they live. As such, they are entitled to vote in local, state, and national (as well as tribal) elections. The evidence at hand suggests that they are exercising the franchise in steadily increasing numbers and in some areas have become a significant factor in political calculations.

Furthermore, Indians today pay the same taxes as other citizens, with two major exceptions. Lands held in trust for them by the United States are generally exempt from local realty taxes and the direct revenues from these lands are not subject to Federal or state income taxes.

M. M. TOZIEI
Information Officer
U.S. Department of the Interior
Bureau of Indian Affairs
Washington, D.C.

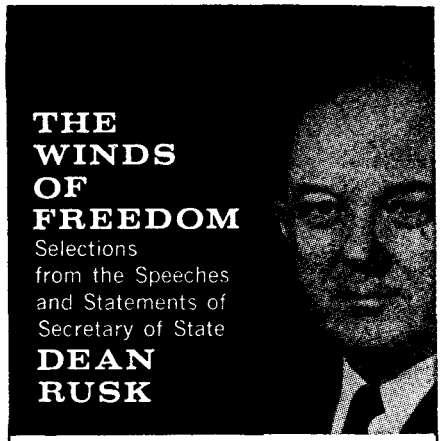
BURMA

To the Editor: Jerry A. Rose's "Burma and the Balance of Neutralisms" (*The Reporter*, January 3) is a most admirable piece of journalistic and interpretative writing. That is, except for two errors which are fundamentally minor in character but remain errors nonetheless.

In the last paragraph on page 24, U Nu is reported as having told the peasants of Burma that he was the reincarnation of the Buddha. Despite his various attributes and failings, U Nu did *not* ever claim to be any such reincarnation.

Secondly, January 4 is Burma's Independence Day. Burma's National Day falls on or about December 20, depending on the Burmese calendar. It marks the first student boycott against the British rulers and dates back to 1920.

TIN AUNG
United Nations
New York



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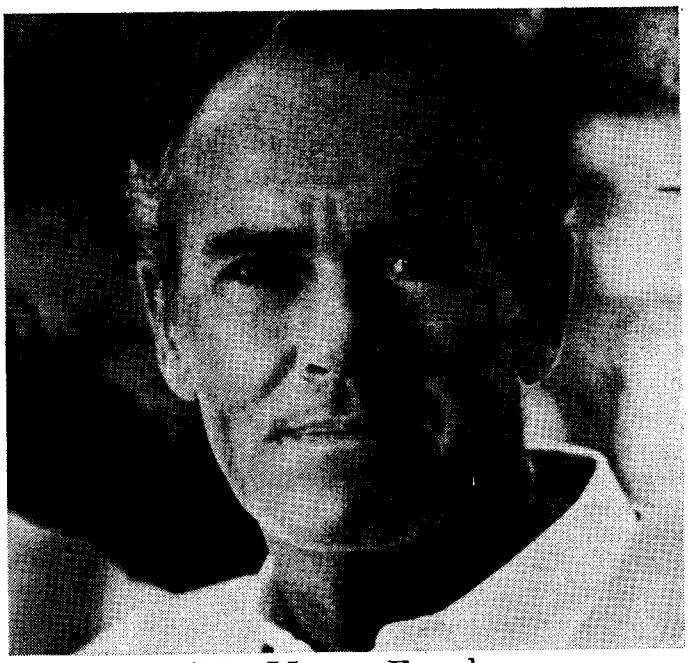

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One World

"I guess I couldn't help it," former House Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin said when Harry Truman once asked him why he had let his fellow Republicans depose him. "They came up on me unawares," Martin added. "I wasn't ready for them." In the Republican Party it isn't easy to be ready; stealth has always characterized its intraparty struggles. Indeed, one of the leading participants in the overthrow of Martin four years ago, Representative Charles B. Hoeven of Iowa, has just been secretly plotted out of his own post as chairman of the House Republican Conference. "They're going after Mr. Halleck and Mr. Arends in due time," predicted Mr. Hoeven, who has a sense of history.

The "they" in this case was the group of relatively young congressmen led by Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan, who surprised the party leadership by quietly gathering a majority of votes to replace Hoeven with Ford and to gain seven seats on the House Republican Policy Committee as well. What were the conspirators after? There the plot really thickens. For Washington politics these days simply does not yield to analyses about liberalism and conservatism and ideas and things like that. Washington can only be understood as one might understand the rest of the world. And the first thing to understand is that the Republicans are and always have been Washington's Arabs—masters of the stunning, bloodless *coup*. At night the palace is surrounded by tanks, and in the morning it's all over. The dissident young colonel (Ford) steps forward, but behind him there are rumored to be even younger and more dissident majors—Goodell of New York, for example, and Griffin of Michigan. To still the fears of the world, they immediately announce that they are neither liberal nor conservative.

So much for the Republicans. The Democrats in Congress, though noisier, more violent, and less stealthy, manage to be equally enigmatic—until one makes the parallel with Latin America. In the recent struggle over the composition of the Rules Committee as well as in that over two seats on Ways and Means, it became impossible, as it invariably does, for the United States government to remember which side it was backing and who was actually on that side. Was the Kennedy administration favoring an old foe, Representative Phil Landrum (D., Georgia), for the Ways and Means Committee? Had it fought to break the power of Representative Howard Smith (D., Virginia), who helped keep Landrum off Ways and Means because Landrum had helped the administration break Smith's power in the first place? Did the Kennedy administration back the Democratic leadership, which did not back the Democratic liberals, who *do* back the Kennedy administration?

Within the administration itself political warfare has a still different style, and bears a relationship to the more sophisticated behavior of the "bloc" countries. There are rarely tanks and very little fighting in the streets. It takes a good deal of rumor that a man is out, press leaks on the subject of his ineptitude, and passionless denials on the part of the head man before a victim finally takes up his post at the distant hydroelectric station.

The only thing that these three forms of feuding have in common is that when the feud is over it becomes less clear, not more, what it was all about in the first place. Observers must sit back and wait for the next whispering from the barracks, the next news that an unidentified plane has flown over the Senate cloakroom dropping leaflets. Naturally, we couldn't begin to explain the way all these forces—Congressional and administrative—act and interact with each other. That would require an analogy for all of Washington, and frankly none comes to mind—unless it is the Congo.

Atlanta's Wall

At dawn the workmen came and by noon the job was done. The barricades, heavy wooden beams bolted to iron stakes, stretched waist-high across two streets in southwest Atlanta. Each bore a sign saying ROAD CLOSED, and their purpose was to prevent Negroes from buying homes in a buffer zone, mostly white, that separated a large Negro section from the rather elegant all-white area called Cascade Heights.

Although the wall, as the barricades are called, was erected against the Negroes, most of the hardships have fallen on the whites living behind it. Postal and commercial delivery services have been disrupted, and fire and police protection impaired. During a thirty-minute period on December 18, for instance, the day the barricades went up, eight delivery trucks, one fire department car, two TV repair trucks, sixty-four private cars (one with an MD license), and a school bus were turned back on one street alone. All but two of the people detoured were white. One family has to drive an extra twenty-six miles a day to school and work.

Until now, Atlanta had proudly billed itself as "A City Too Busy to Hate," and just a year and a half ago the slogan helped it to achieve the widely praised peaceful "integration" of its schools when nine Negro children were admitted without incident. The new mayor, Ivan Allen, seemed destined to carry on in the tradition of his respected predecessor, William B. Hartsfield. He abolished the practice of dual registry for city employees, hired more Negro policemen, and even gave them the power, despite public outcry, to arrest whites. Then sud-

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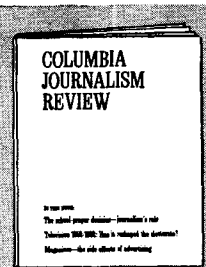

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denly Mayor Allen ordered the wall.

The idea for the barriers came as a "last-resort" demand from the residents of Cascade Heights, who had organized the Southwest Citizens Association when several whites in the buffer zone listed their property with Negro real estate firms. The SCA got some money together and bought about $200,000 worth of property in the area to keep it white. But they couldn't match the combined resources of several Negro real-estate firms. One delighted white owner in the area was able to bid up his property between the two groups from $65,000 to $105,000 within a few days. The arithmetic of the matter is simple. Atlanta is about forty per cent Negro, but only sixteen per cent of the city's housing is available to Negroes.

Unable to win with money, the SCA first proposed—and the board of aldermen agreed—that a large tract of land in the buffer zone be set aside for a Negro cemetery. The Negroes protested that this recognition of their social acceptability after death didn't exactly meet their needs. Mayor Allen vetoed the proposal, but when the wall was suggested, he agreed immediately. It serves as an impartial warning, he said, to "unscrupulous real-estate dealers, Negro and white." Atlanta's wall will not come down, he has declared, until "people are willing to ... work out a sane agreement that all people can live with."

The Negroes, however, refuse to negotiate in its shadow. Suits have been filed by Negroes and whites together in both the city and county courts to bring the barriers down. Moreover, the Negroes of Atlanta have dropped their old-time leaders who were content to take a less adamant stand, and have joined in a new organization, the All-Citizens Committee for Better Community Planning, to bring down both this thing of wood and iron—and those other walls made of less tangible but sometimes even stronger material. As a start, they are boycotting a shopping center near the wall where some of the SCA financing is believed to have come from.

This absurd new roadblock is too flimsy to stop the progress in race relations that has brought prosperity and praise to Atlanta.

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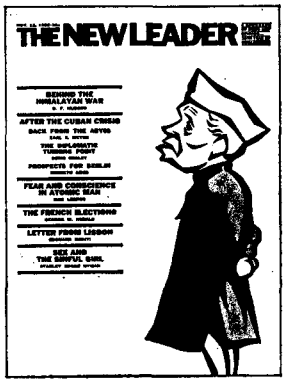

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CHET HUNTLEY

DURING the absence of the New York newspapers, it must have become clear to everyone that aside from whatever competition there is between newspapers and television for available advertising revenue, neither should worry about the possible encroachment of the other. We in electronic journalism have come to understand with more clarity that it is the very nature of our particular beast to limit the amount of information we can transmit in any single broadcast day. To supply the public with the quotations of the stock market, the obituaries, the marriages and engagements, the comic strips, shipping news, the comment, and the "hard" news which constitute the standard content of a daily newspaper, would require the broadcasters to cancel every other kind of program and still seek some way to add some hours to the standard twenty-four. To undertake a respectable coverage of the day's complete news budget, a newspaper can add a page. The fleeting seconds of our medium are inflexible. They are expendable but not expandable.

Not all newspapers "smother" the news, as James Reston aptly says the New York *Times* does; but radio and television must leave most of the details not only to the *Times* but even to those newspapers which feature more parsimonious wordage. The "specials" of radio and television journalism frequently yield as much information and as many details as will the most smothering story of the *Times*, but we begin to exhaust the energies of personnel and the budgets of our companies with anything more pretentious than a few "specials" a week. Words and the paper on which they are printed are relatively inexpensive; images on the tube are not.

SO IT has been demonstrated anew, in the course of this newspaper blackout, that television and radio journalism cannot and should not attempt to deal with the day's complete budget of information. I have discovered fresh support for a fragile theory: that the best a fifteen-minute television program can do is shed some degree of illumination on a half dozen or so events, and then fill to time with a capsulized treatment of the day's paramount developments. That illumination may be brilliant when excellent picture, excellent writing, and excellent delivery are combined.

When Tallulah Bankhead reads the comics, it is another fine performance by the inimitable Tallulah, but it is not the comic strip. It was the same when Mayor La Guardia read them. It was a performance by a singular man, enjoyed by those who had not read the comic strips for years and who had no compulsion to read them when the newspapers came back. By the same token, radio and television are unsatisfactory media for the stock quotations, shipping news, obituaries, the horoscope, and the society page.

But some of the television columnists insist that surely in the area of comment, "news in depth," or analysis, television and radio could supply it while the newspapers are out of business. Again, I think not. We in radio and television journalism have been supplying comment and analysis for years, but they are not at all the same things as the "pieces" of the newspaper columnists. Each has its own milieu, its own setting, its own style, its own approach. I venture to say that the finest analyst on television will not necessarily reveal excellence in a column of print, and vice versa. There are ways of expressing ideas and stringing words together that qualify for print. There are other techniques for broadcasting.

LEST this be interpreted as a discount evaluation of television journalism, let me head it off. Television news can be, and frequently is, absorbing, enlightening, and illuminating. A story well told and well photographed over television commands a definite impact. The fact that many television and radio news broadcasts reach incredibly large multimillion audiences instantly lends them a tremendous importance, whether they be good, bad, or indifferent. Many times each day, I see individual stories or reports going out over the NBC network which, if reported in any other way or through any other medium, would lose something. For example, there is no completely satisfactory substitute for the President speaking directly in front of the cameras, no matter how painstakingly his words may be transcribed and printed.

The whole vast and varied spectrum of communications is a gigantic conversation. The journalists of radio and television, those of the newspapers, those of the trade press, and those of the periodicals are all engaged in a constant and unceasing colloquy. We in electronic journalism are indeed affected when one important participant in the conversation suddenly falls silent. We can no more take the places of our newspaper colleagues than we can converse effectively with ourselves.

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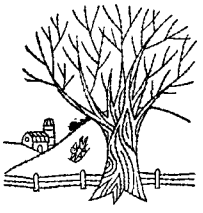
PICTURE THESE FOR THE HEART OF WINTER:

A former Commander-in-Chief and a "former naval person." A pre-eminent conductor and our U.N. Ambassador. The prettiest princess and the sauciest comedienne. A Caesar with wit and a Caesar with wiles. And everyone's favorite waif in a great George Bernard Shaw classic.

All these and more (see listing below) will be enlivening your hearth with wit, witchery or wisdom via television's infinite variety of a  wintry February.

The Great Challenge
Appraisals of aspects of the American democracy.
Sundays, February 3-10-17-24 (4-5 PM)

The Rise of Khrushchev
Study of a crucial period in the Kremlin.
Sunday, February 3 (10-11 PM)

Pygmalion
Julie Harris as Eliza Doolittle.
Wednesday, February 6 (7:30-9 PM)

D-Day
Churchill's commentary on the invasion.
Friday, February 8 (7:30-8 PM)

Peter Pan
Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard.
Saturday, February 9 (7-9 PM)

Eisenhower on Lincoln—The Commander-in-Chief
A military memoir.
Monday, February 11 (9:30-10 PM)

As Caesar Sees It
A Sid Caesar special.
Tuesday, February 12 (10:30-11 PM)

A Dickens Chronicle
Scenes from Charles Dickens' life and works.
Wednesday, February 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

A Look at Monaco
Princess Grace is narrator and guide.
Sunday, February 17 (8-9 PM)

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic in Japan
Thursday, February 21 (8-9 PM)

An Evening with Carol Burnett
Robert Preston is guest.
Sunday, February 24 (10-11 PM)

The Troubled Waters of the Colorado
Sunday, February 24 (10-11 PM)

The Victor Borge Show
Pianist Leonid Hambro is guest.
Monday, February 25 (9-10 PM)

Here's Edie
An Edie Adams special.
Tuesday, February 26 (10:30-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday to Friday
Continental Classroom
  Atomic Age Physics
  American Government
College of the Air
  The American Economy
Today
Calendar
Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal
Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting
Wednesdays: CBS Reports
Fridays: Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Eyewitness
Saturdays: Reading Room
Exploring
Watch Mr. Wizard
Sundays: Camera Three
Meet the Professor
Adlai Stevenson Reports—Issues and Answers
This Is NBC News
Wild Kingdom
Update
College Bowl
The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color
Voice of Firestone
Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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As If We Were at Peace

It seems an incantation: the soothing, balmy zephyrs of spring are gently blowing over all things political, particularly in our country, just when a cruel winter rages on both sides of the Atlantic. The most authoritative political weatherman, the President of the United States, has told us with quiet eloquence that things look brighter for the American people and for the West as a whole. The manufacturing capacity of our plants is "humming with activity," the Atlantic Alliance is doing fine, the developing countries have developed their own immunity to Communism, and the United Nations, by uniting the Congo, has tested out its capacity to unite the world some day under world law.

We are up from the bottom of the valley, the President told us; we are now on the way up the hill. Unquestionably he was at his very best when he reacted to the Russian aggressive moves in Cuba with a fearless decisiveness that astonished the world. Success produced an even greater universal astonishment, nowhere as great or as perplexing as in our own country. As if embarrassed by its achievement, the administration has gone out of its way to spread the word: let's have no gloating, no talk of victory; nothing is more urgent than the re-establishment of the balance between ourselves and the Soviets—just at the point where it was when the missiles were brought into Cuba. Things had to stay exactly as they were—including Cuba.

This restrained, modest attitude on the part of our government has been greeted by our opponents with appreciative understanding. They too are inclined to let bygones be bygones, though their restraint from gloating is no match for ours. Persistently though modestly, they insist that their commuting missiles, quickly brought into and then out of Cuba, rescued that island from the threat of American imperialism. True, the clash of will with our government must have given the Soviets some harrowing moments, but for all their pangs they have been richly rewarded. Our government has most explicitly made it clear to them that its primary aim is the maintenance of the status quo. For years, the Soviets have been asking just that: to be associated with us, and with us alone, in the maintenance of the status quo. If they deal with us alone, with the Atlantic Alliance left aside, torn by dissensions, misunderstandings, and fears, a status quo will develop that will be most welcome to the Soviets. The way in which the Cuban crisis was settled is far more important to them than the occasion and the immediate beneficiary of the settlement, that is to say, Castro. They have established the long-sought direct communication between the Big Two, with little or no allied interference, under the gentle shelter of the U.N.

This satisfaction for a solid achievement, harbinger of many more, found expression in Khrushchev's Berlin speech. He could also afford the luxury of stating a number of facts: that the Wall has downgraded the problem of Berlin, and that its acceptance by the allied powers guarantees the existence of East Germany, peace treaty or no peace treaty. Thus, with the United States as co-guarantor of the status quo, all major controversial issues become negotiable, Berlin included. Negotiations on Berlin have been going on for quite a while; and, if restricted to the two major powers, Khrushchev can confidently keep them going. Comforted by the experience of Cuba and West New Guinea, he counts on the U.N.'s willingness to provide the semblance of supranational legitimacy.

In Berlin, Khrushchev has been unquestionably right in sermonizing his Albanian-Chinese comrades on how

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unnecessary nuclear warfare has become for Communist domination of the world. Why think of a war over Germany when it is predictable that, after a U.N. settlement of Berlin, the divided nation will gradually slide toward unity, under a neutralist government? Then will come absorption into the Soviet sphere. And then the dismemberment of NATO will proceed via the coming to power of amenable neutralist governments in other allied countries of Western Europe.

There is a relaxed feeling of optimism in Moscow, and there is a relaxed feeling of optimism in Washington. In Moscow, the Soviet leaders are right in their belief that nuclear war is unnecessary to their purposes of conquest, since they have so many other tools to achieve their aim. In Washington, the optimism probably comes as a rebound after a great test. The President has acted decisively in risking what it is in the very nature of our country to hate the most—war, and *that* kind of war. The fact of having been terribly close to using nuclear means of warfare has proved to be so upsetting, so unnatural, that a spell of dizziness seems to have affected our diplomatic thinking.

THE MAIN CAUSE of all our troubles as a world power is the same that makes the possible recourse to warfare so upsetting to us. We are still new at the game of world politics; we have made exceptional progress during the last twenty years in bearing our responsibilities, but we are nevertheless groping, for we have no precedent to go by, neither in the history of other nations nor in the history of our own. We are not made to be an empire; we would not know what to do if the chances of history made us into one. Yet we are confronted by the most methodically organized effort at empire building the world has ever known. It is also bound to be the very last of such drives, for already we see that it can never satisfy the most elementary economic and spiritual needs of the peoples it has conquered. It cannot mellow, it cannot allow any measure of self-government to man in the mass or to individual human beings. It has not found and cannot possibly find the rules for the succession of its leadership, and its dark internal dissensions prove how doomed is this crude imitation of latter-day Caesarism.

Our country, whose democratic institutions are the oldest on earth, finds itself at the center of a community whose existence is not even remotely represented or guaranteed by adequate institutions. The existence of modern techniques amazingly easy to be taught and learned, and the fact that these techniques have been or are being adopted by old and new nations, would be enough, even if Communism were not in existence, to make us the center of this commonwealth aborning, still chaotic, immensely interrelated, and with every one of its most vital, self-sustaining sections pressing for its measure of independence. For ours has been the first country molded by the double impact of ever-advancing technology and of the yearning for independence.

Yet somehow it happened that the traditional democracy so ingrained in our system, our capacity to let many different kinds of power grow within our borders and then coalesce into some kind of order, our capacity to thrive in competition and gain from opposition, seem to have deserted us at the water's edge.

In dealing with the nations of our community, we seem to be singularly intolerant of opposition from those who stand up to us. We seem to have a distinct preference for amenable flatterers or clients, although we can never get rid of our innate distrust for the Byzantine shenanigans of overseas politicians or the intricacies of their politics. But our intolerance toward proud, self-asserting allied leaders reaches sometimes paroxysmic proportions.

This is eminently the case with General de Gaulle. He is, to be sure, an uncomfortable, stubborn, self-centered man, sometimes incredibly wrong. Yet there is no greater man among statesmen alive today, or one who more deeply cares for the ideals we believe in. If the cause of freedom has any more dedicated servant anywhere, with a faith more tested by history and rooted in history, we don't know of him. Truly, de Gaulle is the opposition spokesman in that inchoate political entity we are pledged to lead. Perhaps political partisanship, now decaying in many democratic countries, has a great role to play within the community, in order to bring about a stronger, more cohesive community. De Gaulle is the "No" man of the community. We can well afford to have the policies we seem to pursue tested by his opposition, just as we can show more respect toward a Macmillan, whom recently our government chose to humiliate.

Of late, the administration has been playing power politics with our allies, while relying on normal diplomatic procedures in its dealings with the Soviets. Never has this trend been so apparent and so threatening as in the shock of the Cuban success. Yet we should know by now that the relationship among nations can never be in proportion to their might or their wealth—most particularly when we deal with nations to which we are bound in a solidarity of life or death.

IN CONFRONTING the opponent, our prestige, our strength, our very capacity to work for peace are in direct proportion to the unity, the cohesiveness there is in our alliance. Bilateral negotiation with the Soviet Union is the surest way to bring the alliance to ultimate and irreparable ruin. Things have already gone too far, as the disarray within the alliance shows. For its own salvation, our country must stop playing the role of the capricious boss or of the barking sergeant, and live up to its duty as the responsible and respected leader of a free community in the making.

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The Eighty-Eighth: Will It Be Called A Do-Nothing Congress?

ROBERT D. NOVAK

WASHINGTON

NOBODY seems at all satisfied with the government's Legislative Branch these days. Supporters of President Kennedy, viewing Congress as a reactionary monolith that thwarts fulfillment of their plans, murmur darkly about an approaching Constitutional crisis. Conservatives lament more sorrowfully than ever about Congress's abdication of power to the Presidency. Although Congressional capacity for self-criticism is traditionally limited, even the lawmakers are none too pleased with themselves; seldom has there been so much talk in the halls of Congress about the need for some undefined internal reform.

Nevertheless, pretty much the same cast of characters that straggled through two singularly dreary and disorganized sessions during the Eighty-seventh Congress is back for the Eighty-eighth, and the current chorus of catcalls is unlikely to change to cheers during 1963. The lawmakers may well be able to avoid anything so bizarre as last year's tragicomic procedural wrangle between octogenarian House and Senate committee heads over protocol in appropriations, but an overnight transformation of Congress into a purposeful and dynamic body is out of the question.

What is in prospect for 1963 is another contentious, slow-moving session likely to differ from the past two years mainly in producing somewhat less bickering and much less legislation. The Eighty-eighth Congress, like its predecessor, probably will end up with a record so bland that neither friends nor foes of the Kennedy administration will have much to be pleased about.

SUCH A forecast is supported by the course of the Rules fights this year in both the House and Senate—struggles that are beginning to be as much a part of the ritual of a new Congress, and about as engrossing, as the swearing-in ceremonies. Because neither the House nor the Senate Rules debates this year were really relevant to what Congress will do the rest of the year, most lawmakers couldn't get very excited about them.

The House fight over the composition of the Rules Committee was the more interesting of the two. The 235-196 vote in favor of retaining a fifteen-member committee nominally sympathetic to the administration instead of reverting to a twelve-member committee antagonistic to it provided a surprisingly comfortable prestige victory for Mr. Kennedy. It also meant that cagey old Howard W. Smith, the conservative Virginian who heads the Rules Committee, would find it slightly—but only slightly—more difficult to bottle up Kennedy bills. Although usually outvoted eight to seven in the last Congress, Judge Smith was skillful enough to use the Rules Committee to harass unto death almost all education legislation and to keep the bill creating a Youth Conservation Corps from reaching the House floor. On the other hand, even in 1959-1960, when the twelve-member committee was under conservative control, he was by no means able to stop all liberal legislation. Perhaps the most important aspect of the House fight was the implicit decision to perpetuate the Rules Committee as a sort of super court of legislative appeals that can kill a bill after it has cleared a legislative committee.

Only a parliamentary metaphysician could derive any meaning from the minuet danced in the Senate over Rules. At issue was a proposal to permit three-fifths of the senators voting to choke off a filibuster, instead of the present two-thirds. But the filibuster is an effective weapon today only against civil-rights legislation, and it has been difficult to muster even a simple majority to end a civil-rights filibuster. Anyway, only a handful of senators are much interested in civil-rights legislation right now, and the administration clearly would like to avoid tying up the Senate for weeks over the race question.

The superficiality of most Congressional reform proposals was well illustrated by the one concrete plan for procedural change to emerge from the opening days of the session. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, one of the best-liked men ever to hold that exacting position, offered a plan that would give the senators a set work schedule. A senator would know in advance which weeks of the year would be vacation time and which would be devoted to Congressional sessions; he would know which days of the week would be set aside for Senate floor sessions, committee sessions, or loafing time.

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Just how the Senate would try to get something done when it *was* in session was not within the scope of the Mansfield plan. For his pains, the senator was greeted by charges from some Republicans that he was plotting to get Congress out of town at specified times so that the President could be free to perpetrate unspecified foul deeds.

The 'So What?' Congress

With these gestures toward internal reform out of the way, Congress is now ready to proceed with the major business at hand this year: the Kennedy tax program. This year-long struggle probably will typify the inconclusive nature of the entire session.

Although almost every member of Congress agrees in principle with Mr. Kennedy's call for tax reduction to stimulate the economy, few are willing to countenance openly the big budget deficit that is the companion of a tax cut. And although many pay lip service to the goal of broadening the tax base and removing inequities, few will embrace the specific tax reforms drafted by the Treasury. So if any bill finally plods through Congress after months of maneuvering, it will be a far cry from the sweeping proposals submitted by the President.

The other Kennedy bills, most of them holdovers from last year, evoke even less interest in Congress. Unwilling to venture deeply into the jungle of church-state relations, Congress will do no more in the education field this year than renew the National Defense Education Act with additional funds for student college loans and possibly pass a watered-down college construction bill. The White House is willing to postpone the struggle over medical care for the aged until next year. The traumatic experience of the past two years in failing to pass omnibus farm bills that would have imposed tight controls on broad areas of agricultural production has led the administration to shift its tactics to a patchwork approach involving separate and less than revolutionary bills dealing with individual commodities: chances are fairly good for passage of bills on cotton, feed grains, and possibly potatoes. Only a minority of lawmakers really care much what happens to lesser Kennedy proposals such as establishment of a Youth Conservation Corps and Federal aid for mass transit facilities.

As in any year, Congress will suffer through the agony of passing a foreign-aid bill. About the only really new element in the annual haggle would be a possible debate over the wisdom of sending substantial arms shipments to India; a few influential senators, most of them members of the Armed Services Committee, regard Indian military prowess so lightly that they fear weapons sent to Nehru would wind up being captured by the Chinese Communists if the border war resumed. In the defense field, Congress

will go through the motions of considering a probably unsuccessful drive by the Air Force bloc to save the Skybolt missile.

If the epidemic of crippling strikes grows worse, the first labor-legislation fight in four years might be under way. It could result in passage of Mr. Kennedy's proposals—drafted but never formally submitted to Congress—that would permit a Presidential board to recommend strike-settlement terms and vary the length of a strike-stopping injunction to fit the circumstances. But it also might result in the passage of something neither the President nor organized labor nor management wants: White House power to order compulsory arbitration of nation-wide strikes.

Apart from legislation, Congress will drift—functioning on a day-to-day basis without any clear purpose, losing more control over Federal spending as the Congressional appropriations system becomes more remote from today's governmental realities, and steadily declining in prestige and importance—while Mr. Kennedy's most zealous champions complain that Congress is much too powerful for the twentieth century.

A BECALMED CONGRESS is to a large degree the product of the unusually fragmented state of the leadership in both houses, a situation aggravated in the Senate by the death of Robert S. Kerr. Although the oil and gas baron from Oklahoma was by no means the complete master of the Senate, he at least filled part of the leadership void created there when Lyndon Johnson accepted the Vice-Presidency.

Kerr's death is not likely to stiffen the authority of Mansfield, who still considers the Majority Leader's role as largely an administrative one. With Kerr gone and Mansfield reticent, Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey will be able to expand his wheeling and dealing in behalf of the administration. But he is still far from mastering the techniques of Senate control.

Thus, the Senate more than ever will be governed by the standing committee chairmen and their individual wills. If his health permits, Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, an indomitable foe of the Kennedy tax program, will consider the administration's highest priority measure at his own leisurely pace in the Finance Committee. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, the new chairman of the Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, will demand that the administration step up plans for nuclear-fueled rockets. Lister Hill of Alabama, still breathing hard after a bad scare in the last election, may not want much controversy in the Labor and Public Welfare Committee right away. Moreover, a band of younger senators—John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, George A. Smathers of Florida, Russell B. Long of Louisiana, and possibly Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia—are advancing their claims to some sphere of au-

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thority in the jumble of the Senate's feudal system.

Masterful leadership is perhaps less essential to orderly procedure in the House, whose rules usually prevent the chaos of the Senate. Furthermore, the leadership team headed by Speaker John W. McCormack, and installed following the death of Sam Rayburn, has not been the unqualified disaster that die-hard liberals predicted it would be. Majority Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma has proved stronger than expected, and Majority Whip Hale Boggs of New Orleans is young enough and tough enough to become the strong man of the House some day.

But for now, the tone of leadership is set by McCormack, who detests intraparty bloodletting and is even more averse to knocking heads together than was Rayburn in his last years. In the House too, then, it is the committee chairmen who generally call the tune.

Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas, who heads the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, will be going his own inscrutable way. Patriarchal Carl Vinson of Georgia, head of the Armed Services Committee and *de facto* chief of the Southern loyalists in the House, exerts an implicit veto over the regular leadership's plans. On the Appropriations Committee, octogenarian Clarence Cannon of Missouri is a law unto himself, defying both the leadership and the White House. And the diminution of the power of Judge Smith on the Rules Committee is only relative.

Representatives of Apathy

But the drift of Congress can be only partially explained by fragmented leadership. For all the accusations by liberal intellectuals that Congress is defying the people's will as embodied in the Presidency, there is a suspicion that Congressional listlessness reflects a similar mood in the voters. Certainly, the inconclusive results of last fall's elections give no clear sign of what the public wants from the legislators.

Federal aid for elementary and secondary schools, hopelessly stalled this year, would undoubtedly have been passed in 1961 had there been any public consensus on the issue of aid to parochial schools. Congressmen can plead with some justification that they should not be forced to decide summarily such a socially disruptive national issue.

Other elements in the Kennedy legislative program suffer not so much from public controversy as from public apathy. It may be too much to ask a representative parliamentary body to adopt quickly and unquestioningly such controversial matters as tax reform and establishment of a Youth Conservation Corps when there is scant public awareness that these issues even exist.

In fact, the major quarrel that liberal Democrats in Congress have with the administration is over its failure to build up sustained public interest in legislative matters or even to attempt to show some unity in its legislative program. The fuzzy Congressional reaction to Mr. Kennedy's call for a tax cut is perhaps a reflection of the President's own uncertainty in this area.

Right now, he is insisting that an across-the-board tax reduction is essential if economic growth is to accelerate and chronic unemployment be defeated. But little more than a year ago, Mr. Kennedy was expounding on the necessity of a balanced budget and warning that tax rates might be increased if necessary. And just six months ago, tax reduction was talked about as merely a sweetener to try to bribe Congress into passing revenue-producing tax reforms. Consequently, members of Congress, including many a faithful Democrat, are not particularly moved by critics who, in effect, would transform the Legislative Branch into a rubber stamp for what happens to be the current administration policy.

The sentiment for Congressional reform that does exist on Capitol Hill takes quite a different form from the proposals for a streamlined legislative machinery that would grind out Mr. Kennedy's program in jig time. Some reform-minded lawmakers, including no less an administration stalwart than Senator Humphrey, want internal changes that would make Congress more independent of the Executive rather than more adaptable to its wishes.

Humphrey is quite concerned, for example, that Congress must take the word of the administration on the one hand or the Air Force on the other about the advisability of reviving the Skybolt missile; it has no facilities for reaching an independent judgment. What's more, Congress not only is operating on faith in appropriating billions of dollars for defense and space exploration but has lost true control of the purse strings when it comes to more prosaic agencies with smaller budgets. Any bureaucrat worth his salt can win over Congress when it comes to justifying his budget.

Similarly, the Congressional function of investigating the Executive is a shambles. Far from conducting a systematic check of operations in the departments and bureaus, investigating committees tend to search for scandals inside or more likely outside of government that will tend to produce big headlines in the morning.

WHATEVER the answer to its woes, Congress cannot expect much help from the White House in revitalizing itself. It can even be argued that President Kennedy has contributed no little to the present debility of Congress. Although he has treated the Legislative Branch with the utmost courtesy in his efforts to win approval for his legislative projects, he never has regarded it as a full partner in the business of government, qualified to share in the drafting of legislation or at least in an advisory role in forming policy before a decision is actually reached.

Nobody has a pat formula for Congressional reform. One answer might involve a vastly enlarged and vastly superior force of staff members for Congressional committees, particularly in the area of appropriations. Limiting a congressman's committee assignments might be another. Perhaps a more sober attitude by Congress itself is the most important —if least attainable—reform.

But once the first session of the Eighty-eighth Congress is in full swing, the chorus of criticism probably will die down and whatever inclination toward self-reform is apparent on Capitol Hill today will die with it. Congress will continue in the same old way, no more inclined to rehabilitate its prestige than to produce a mass of memorable legislation.

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The Government's Role When Bargaining Breaks Down

A. H. RASKIN

FAITH in the effectiveness of collective bargaining as an instrument for protecting the public interest has been severely shaken by the costly strikes on the New York newspapers and the Atlantic and Gulf docks. For week after ice-bound week, the inanimate state of the negotiations testified to the futility of warnings by the Federal, state, and city governments that both tie-ups were becoming "intolerable." The non-bargainers seemed thoroughly unimpressed by the argument that the public's stake in the reopening of the waterfront or in the free flow of news transcended any interest of their own.

As a result of these two wasting strikes and with more disruption threatening, notably on the railroads and in the aerospace industry, the Eighty-eighth Congress is apt to give priority attention to a search for ways to limit strikes in key industries—a subject the Kennedy administration had hoped to avoid meeting head-on during this session. The problem will be to devise legislation that can provide an acceptable balance between the country's need for improved safeguards and the right of unions and employers to the maximum exercise of economic freedom. Unfortunately, any legislation passed in a crisis atmosphere is apt to be more responsive to the urge to "do something" than to the desirability of doing something that makes sense. And yet when things are quiet enough on the labor front to permit an objective appraisal of this most complex of economic issues, neither the White House nor Congress is eager to take new action.

Mr. Goldberg's Shoes

Before Mr. Kennedy moved into the White House, he emphasized his determination to overhaul the Federal machinery for dealing with major strikes. He even listed a variety of new weapons he felt the President ought to have, from fact-finding to Federal seizure of struck industries. His first Secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg, was equally convinced of the need for changes in the national-emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. The drafting of specific recommendations for a new strike law was among the first projects completed by the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, of which Goldberg was chairman.

But the President never sent any of the proposals—his own or the committee's—to Congress. The principal reason was that Goldberg's unique blend of audacity, resourcefulness, and energy proved so effective in averting large-scale explosions on the industrial front that improvisation was considered a wiser course than a venture into the morass of Congressional hearings and debate. In the administration's first year, time lost through strikes dropped to the lowest level since the Second World War, and the figure for 1962 was only a little higher.

Moreover, in the one area in which Congressional pressure became intense, Goldberg succeeded in winning labor-management agreement to a no-strike pledge without the necessity for any new legislation. This was in the missile field, where a disturbing increase in wildcat stoppages by construction unions had provoked demands for a legal ban by Senator McClellan and other critics of union abuses. The strike toll has been cut sharply in the year and a half since the policing of disputes at missile bases was turned over to a special arbitration panel made up of union, employer, and public representatives.

However, by the time the President moved Goldberg to the Supreme Court last August, his magic wand seemed to have lost some of its power. He was finding it increasingly difficult to buy time when unions set strike deadlines or walked out in disputes over the effects of automation on working conditions and job security. His free-wheeling technique failed to prevent a strike at the Chicago & North Western Railway, and the only deterrent to a new eruption of labor trouble in the airlines after more than a year on a sputtering fuze was the fact that the flight engineers had become so expendable in jet cockpits they could no longer conduct a crippling strike.

THE NEW Secretary of Labor, W. Willard Wirtz, made it plain from his first day in office that he did not consider it any proper part of his job to mediate strikes. That is the mission of the theoretically autonomous Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, and the Secretary felt that he would only detract from the service's usefulness if he involved the authority of his office in every labor dispute that came along. Wirtz feels that he ought to focus his attention on the overriding problems of full employment and adjustment to changing technology in the expectation that progress in finding satisfactory answers to these problems will do more than anything else to ease the sense of job insecurity that is the basic cause of most current strikes. Despite all the wrangling about money, anxiety about automation underlay both the dock and the newspaper strikes.

The new Secretary's hopes for a respite from strike-patrol duty lasted no longer than his opening press conference. He has been personally involved ever since—usually at the President's express order—in strikes in railroads, companies manufacturing missiles and spacecraft, the waterfront, and the New York newspapers. He has worked just as hard and just as imaginatively as his predecessor, but this sort of extra-legal improvisation in peacetime labor relations inevitably produces diminishing returns. The decline in the effectiveness of top-level intervention, already apparent before Goldberg's departure from the scene, becomes increasingly evident with each new application.

The choice now is to stop intervening or to get a new law. Otherwise, a series of failures will undermine the prestige of both the President and the Secretary. A close

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look at the dock and newspaper strikes demonstrates the urgency of the need for a clear definition of both the scope and the limit of Federal action. It also demonstrates how difficult it will be to formulate legislation that will give suitable weight to the often conflicting considerations of public responsibility and private freedom.

A Tale of Two Unions

The unions involved in the two disputes are as different as the nature of the crises they precipitated by going on strike. The International Longshoremen's Association, which has make-or-break power over all the ports from Maine to Texas, was expelled from the old American Federation of Labor ten years ago on charges of racket domination. It did not get back into full good standing in the merged labor movement until December, 1961, and even now the Waterfront Commission of New York Harbor is perennially at war with the ILA on the ground that underworld elements still have power in its affairs.

In the old days, waterfront strikes used to be settled by under-the-table payments to union officials. The ILA now seeks to demonstrate its purity as a reformed champion of the workingman by supermilitancy in holding out for big gains at the bargaining table and by resisting the introduction of more efficient loading equipment to replace antiquated manpower practices. A bistate compact passed in 1953 by New York and New Jersey and approved by Congress subjects the ILA's officers and members to more rigorous controls than any other American union. Yet none of these restraints has been any more successful at keeping the ILA in check than have the combined assaults of White House and Congressional critics on James Hoffa and his Teamsters.

The union that called the New York newspaper strike—Big Six of the International Typographical Union—is one of the country's oldest, cleanest, and most democratic. No breath of scandal or of authoritarianism has ever touched it. The strike that shut the metropolitan dailies was the first it had called against them in eighty years. In contrast to the ILA, where rank-and-file influence has always been notable by its absence, Big Six and its parent union carry membership debate over the formulation of policy to a length that has made the ITU the only American union with a permanent two-party system. The knowledge that a strong opposition is always ready to make political capital of any rank-and-file grievance is no stimulus to reasonableness at the bargaining table. The party in control must regard each new contract as its platform for the next election. If the members are dissatisfied, they can always vote in a new administration.

Yet this very emphasis on the vigorous and autonomous exercise of internal democracy—one of the central goals Congress endeavored to establish for all labor in the Landrum-Griffin bill of 1959—is in large part responsible for the printers' unwillingness to accept the notion that their own economic interests ought to be tempered by concern for the public interest. The ITU opposes all forms of arbitration, fact-finding, or other "encroachments" on its autonomy by either the government or the AFL-CIO. It is as rigidly committed to the idea that no outsider can tell it what to do as the most dedicated exponent of rugged individualism in the Union League Club.

So strong is the ITU attachment to this view that it sought unilaterally to force repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act by refusing to sign any contracts with employers after its passage in 1947. This policy led to a crushing defeat for the union in its disastrous twenty-two-month strike against the Chicago newspapers. Even though repeal of Taft-Hartley stood at the top of the AFL's legislative program in that period, its executive council regarded the ITU tactics as suicidal and refused even to vote moral support to the Chicago adventure. But the go-it-alone spirit of the printers remains undimmed.

Bertram A. Powers, president of Big Six, told Secretary Wirtz that he regarded any form of government-imposed fact-finding studies as a camouflage for compulsory arbitration, the most hated of all terms in ITU's lexicon. He said he would not co-operate even if the panel of peacemakers consisted of George Meany, Walter P. Reuther, and Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., head of the New York AFL-CIO, whose local electricians' union contributed $10,000 to the Big Six strike fund.

But with negotiations deadlocked and all other channels apparently closed, Wirtz joined with Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Wagner in naming three distinguished jurists to a specially created Board of Public Accountability, charged with the responsibility of finding out why the strike had dragged on for more than a month and whether both sides were sufficiently mindful of the public interest. Powers promptly announced that he would boycott the proceedings and told a rally of sympathetic unionists that the extinction of labor's freedom in the Soviet Union had been carried out under a similar cloak of necessity to protect the common welfare.

The real trouble, it quickly developed, was not that the board had Khrushchev-like power but that it had none at all in the one area that was important—namely, providing some worthwhile help toward settling the strike. The judges put practically all the blame for the tie-up on Powers, an outcome that simply provided ammunition for his stock argument that no union should ever trust government intervention because it always comes in on the side of the boss. If the panel had been empowered to make settlement recommendations, the public and, more especially, the other newspaper unions would have had an impartial standard on which to base pressures for an agreement. Unfortunately, the board was categorically prohibited by the terms of its charter from making such recommendations. Thus, what might have been a useful new mechanism for bringing the public interest into focus became instead a mere finger-pointing exercise that did more harm than good.

Wet and Intractable

Precisely the same hostility toward government intervention was adopted by the ILA when the government vainly attempted to induce it to postpone its strike to permit a fact-finding review of the key issues. The President personally telephoned Thomas W. Gleason, the dock union's executive vice-president, at his home to ask his co-

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operation in a ninety-day delay. The call came through while Gleason was in the shower; and since it took some time to convince the union chief that the caller was not some prankster impersonating Vaughn Meader impersonating the President, the conversation did not even begin very auspiciously. It ended with Gleason offering to bring a three-man committee to Washington or Palm Beach to explain why the ILA did not believe it could hold off any longer after it had fulfilled all the legal requirements by complying with an eighty-day no-strike injunction under Taft-Hartley.

Mr. Kennedy, not interested in excuses, rang off and the strike rang on. Gleason blithely predicted that employer resistance would collapse in four days and that the longshoremen would win everything they wanted. When they didn't get a quick agreement on their terms, he accused the government of being in league with the shipping companies and went so far as to claim that its interference was as vicious as anything the Gestapo had done.

Again the fact proved the reverse of the bombast. In the fourth week of the tie-up, with Congressional clamor for rigid strike curbs mounting, the President named a decidedly pro-labor board to propose peace terms. It was obviously a final effort to check the legislative drive—and to do it on terms that seemed likely to give the balky ILA a bigger wage package than the administration's own guide lines would justify. In the present bargain-basement atmosphere surrounding government intervention, obstructiveness brings rewards rather than penalties.

What of the "emergencies" created by the hostility of these two dissimilar organizations to the efforts of government to help both sides reach a settlement? In the case of the dock union, the peril to the national health and safety of a prolonged shutdown was clear enough. The last three Presidents of the United States have so regularly certified to the Federal courts that a two-coast strike jeopardizes the country's interests (and have been sustained by the courts in that judgment) that an injunction has now become little more than a formality in the negotiating process.

This means no one really starts bargaining until after the no-strike order has been signed. What is worse, during the eighty-day truce, the Presidential board of inquiry is prohibited by law from making specific recommendations for breaking the deadlock in negotiations. Thus the cooling-off period runs out with no movement by either side, no informed suggestions as to what might represent an equitable settlement, and no further legal possibilities open to the President. And, it might be added, with no diminution of the national emergency cited by the courts in ordering that there be no strike because it would put the country in danger.

What constitutes an emergency is, of course, a matter that varies from industry to industry and from strike to strike. Nothing shows this more clearly than the experience in steel, where a tradition of formal and informal government intervention has become firmly established. The diverse standards that have been applied to justify a particular form of intervention or to delay intervention make it obvious that a strike becomes an emergency when the President says it is—even if his determination or nondetermination is prompted by political rather than economic reasons.

To be sure, on the waterfront the threat to the national interest is much less obscure than it might be in other key industries. The high priority the President and Congress accorded to passage of the Trade Expansion Act last year was the best testimonial to the importance of uninterrupted movement of imports and exports in our harbors. That is why the settlement of labor disputes on the docks must be swift and sure.

Pressure on the Press

In a newspaper strike, even when the press of the nation's biggest city is blacked out, the nature of the emergency is not so readily apparent. Of course, many aspects of the metropolitan economy suffer—but the impact is not calamitous in the way that an extended work stoppage in foreign commerce can be. The real damage is to the community's awareness of what is going on in the world, the nation, the state, and the city. But just how big an emergency is this?

Is it enough to say, as everyone from the President on down does in other connections, that a vigilant press is an indispensable support and protector of freedom—and that to be vigilant it must be publishing? How much importance should we ascribe to that curious grayness which comes over the city when all there is to read is some other city's dailies, the sad feeling of emptiness with which we note even the lack of the familiar journalistic inanities when they are not around to pique our wrath or derision? Most pertinent of all, can a valid contribution be made to strengthening one freedom, the public's right to know and the press's right to publish, by abridging another freedom, the right of newspaper unions and publishers to make their own economic decisions, no matter how blunderingly they go about it?

MY OWN reluctant conclusion, after weary weeks of the frustration of the New York strike, is that both the nature of the enterprise and of its function in a democracy rule out the use of Federal compulsion to keep newspapers printing, just as they would make it unthinkable to use compulsion to tell the newspapers what to print. This does not mean, however, that the government must stand on the sidelines while the presses rust away.

The most fruitful approach, it appears to me, is the establishment by municipal law in each city of a procedure through which the mayor could impanel a version of the Board of Public Accountability, made up of prominent citizens representing various segments of the community. However, the New York experience demonstrates the futility of such boards if they lack any power to suggest an equitable formula for resolving the strike issues. The board should have authority to subpoena reluctant union or management witnesses through the issuance of public show-cause orders—a recourse that would probably rarely require invocation once the board's legal foundation was established.

The panel's task would be to let the city know what the strike was about and also how it felt it could

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be settled most fairly. From there on, it would be up to the force of public opinion to compel progress at the negotiating table. No coercive power should rest with the board or the mayor, except to mobilize civic pressure and disseminate the report itself in a city lacking the best method of distribution, the local newspapers.

Graduated Deterrence

In situations where a strike produces greater dangers and stresses, such as the waterfront, stronger action is necessary. Apart from the dock strike, the most imminent such test now on the horizon is the prospective showdown in the long wrangle over featherbedding and the modernization of archaic work rules on the nation's railroads. The dispute will go next to the Supreme Court. From there it will probably go to a Presidential emergency board under the Railway Labor Act, but there is no basis for optimism that it will not result in a new strike sometime next summer. Once again the White House will find itself with no further legal devices available unless Congress supplies some new ones in the interim.

The administration's reluctance to open the whole question of new strike legislation was made manifest by the President's total omission of the subject from his State of the Union message. His appointment of the stopgap fact-finding board in the dock strike was further evidence that he would like the whole subject to be buried for this session. However, the newspaper and dock strikes plus the threat of other big strikes in the transportation and aerospace fields are likely to force his hand. If the administration is obliged to act, it will be inclined to scrap the present national-emergency clause in favor of one that would put many more weapons in the President's arsenal. Instead of having no choice except an eighty-day injunction, the President would be free to choose any of these courses: demand a postponement without a court order; establish a fact-finding board that would have power to make recommendations or not make them as the President desired; seize a struck plant or industry, with an option to keep the profits or turn them back at the end of the take-over; get an injunction; or do nothing at all. The definition of what constitutes a national emergency would also be redrawn to give the Chief Executive broader discretion than he now has to decide when the nation's welfare was menaced.

The purpose of this imposing array of powers is to keep both labor and management guessing about which device the President will use if they fail to come up with an agreement by themselves. The thought is that this uncertainty will compel them to bargain more earnestly for fear that the White House will choose the instrument least favorable to the side it considers the more derelict in meeting its public responsibilities. While this flexibility is obviously preferable to the present complete dependence on the injunction, the danger it raises is that most of the bargaining will be done with the government on what device to use rather than between the parties on achieving a direct settlement. The more powerful the political connections of one side or the other, the more the multiplication of alternatives is likely to become a diversionary factor at the bargaining table instead of a goad.

A preferable revision, in my opinion, would be one that would retain the present eighty-day cooling-off period when the President felt the situation was serious enough to require intervention. The board of inquiry should have the authority to make settlement proposals if its mediation efforts during the first month or six weeks of the armistice prove ineffective. The proposals would not be legally binding on either side, but any points they could not agree on in bargaining before the eighty-day deadline would then be subject to mandatory arbitration. To argue that a tightly drawn arbitration law is unneeded because the country has survived lots of strikes without bleeding to death is no more persuasive than to contend that we can afford wars because we have never yet had one that blew up the world. Arbitration is a necessary shield for the public where private responsibility breaks down.

Ideally, nothing would ever have to go to arbitration. But this is an illusory expectation in a period when workers of all sorts are worried about losing their jobs to machines and when the solutions to technological problems worked out in collective bargaining are always experimental and usually inadequate. The very extent to which automation has created problems of retraining and re-employment that necessitate new relationships between government, management, and labor dramatizes the urgency for the overhauling of both our bargaining machinery and our laws to deal with bargaining breakdowns that cut off vital services.

How Not to Make New Laws

The common attitude voiced by the leaders of the otherwise dissimilar dock and printers' unions, that government must stay out of any direct involvement in the negotiating process no matter what its public impact, is as out of tune with majority thinking in American labor as it is with the realities of the new industrial revolution. Joseph A. Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America and a national vice-president of the AFL-CIO, is more representative of the emerging labor view when he says that the nation is moving toward a state-guided economy that will require a vastly greater measure of restraint and co-operation by both unions and management.

He is not at all unhappy about the prospect. On the contrary, as head of the union that represents most employees of the Bell Telephone system, he believes that the government has both a right and a duty to use an evenhanded process, short of compulsory arbitration, to achieve a fair industrial peace. He preaches restraint and co-operation as the surest way for unions and employers to discharge their obligation to the public without inviting shackling legislation.

That this type of thinking may be more welcome to employees in automated industries than the rewarmed hate-the-boss slogans of the 1930's or the posting of keep-out signs against government is indicated by the overwhelming support the Beirne union has just received from its members in the installation department of Western Electric. They repelled an

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attempted raid by Hoffa and his Teamsters by a margin of nearly 3-1 in an NLRB election.

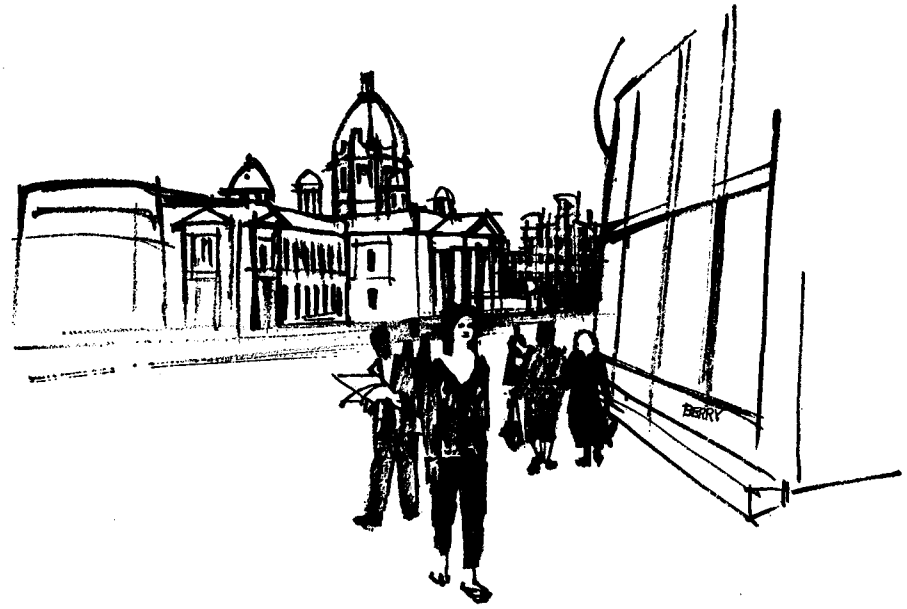
Other big unions and their employers are demonstrating originality and enterprise in modernizing their bargaining structures to deal with the challenge of automation. Outside experts have helped Kaiser Steel and the United Steel Workers devise a formula for giving workers a tangible stake in increased productivity. U.S. Industries, Inc., has put a royalty on the automated equipment it makes to finance a foundation it operates jointly with the International Association of Machinists. The job of the foundation will be to seek durable solutions to the unemployment problems produced by the company's machines.

All these are signs that the state of labor-management relations is not so benighted as residents of New York and many other cities may have concluded from the recent history of labor-management relations at the newspapers and on the piers.

Crisis strikes are vestigial elements in industrial relations. Their frequency will diminish as automation renders more industries invulnerable to interruption by strikes, as more third-party machinery is perfected for taking the dynamite out of contract negotiations, and as we ease workers' fears of displacement by doing a better job of creating national full employment. But the community cannot afford to remain undefended while we strive for this millennial era of industrial harmony. The real victim of the crisis strike is the public, not the economic warriors.

CONGRESS has a crucial job to do in reformulating our laws to deal with emergencies that result from such impasses. So have state and local governments. But rushing ahead in a spirit of vindictive rage or desperately clutching at this proposal or that as a magic formula is apt to produce both a bad law and an even greater sense of letdown than that which now depresses many citizens. Any serious effort to prevent labor crises in the United States must begin with the understanding that the over-all problems are too serious and complex to be dealt with in the haste of a crisis.

AT HOME & ABROAD



Tito on a Tightrope

ANATOLE SHUB

BELGRADE

ON the December morning when President Tito returned from his latest visit to the Soviet Union, heavy snow began falling on Belgrade—the first tangible result, said the citizens, of the marshal's mission to Moscow. To the ordinary Yugoslav, the only important question about this third Tito-Khrushchev entente is whether it will lead the United States to cut off the wheat shipments on which his daily bread depends. Since the wheat agreement for 1963 was signed just before Tito's trip, the man in the street has at least another year in which to view the current proceedings with skeptical detachment. He has been through this affair twice before—in 1955-1956 and again in 1957—and each time the principals have fallen out, sparing him the perhaps unpleasant consequences of a lasting Soviet-Yugoslav accommodation.

Nevertheless, among the more politically minded Yugoslavs there is considerable uneasiness. In speculation along the familiar Communist lines of *Kto kovo?*—who is using whom?—they note that Tito seems to be giving more and getting less from Khrushchev each time around. Each of the two previous attempts at *rapprochement* with Moscow substantially impaired Yugoslav prestige in the West and among the neutrals. Now, with the U.S. Congress just about fed up with Tito's maneuvers and the Indian border crisis tending to pose an acid test of "nonalignment," it is feared that the current attempt may cost Yugoslavia even more heavily.

In his first attempt, Tito obtained not only the restoration of diplomatic relations and trade but a triumphal tour of the Soviet Union, dissolution of the Cominform, and eventually the Moscow Declaration of June, 1956, restoring relations between the two Communist Parties on the basis of "freedom of action" for each. The way seemed clear for the reconstruction of Eastern Europe on Titoist lines. "There are no longer any serious and difficult problems between us," said Tito; Yugoslavia and Russia were "part of the same family," "marching shoulder to shoulder."

Yet before the end of 1956, Khrushchev had compromised Tito twice

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in Hungary: first, in persuading him on the eve of the revolution to approve the Stalinist Erno Gero; afterward, in inducing him to surrender (for ultimate execution) the revolutionary premier, Imre Nagy, who had sought refuge in the Yugoslav embassy in Budapest. These acts, and Tito's qualified acceptance of the Soviet military intervention in Hungary, earned universal disapproval in the non-Communist world. United States aid, apart from farm surpluses, soon dwindled to the vanishing point while Yugoslavia failed to appease Moscow or Peking, both of which blamed Tito for the Hungarian debacle.

"Can we ever trust them again?" asked Tito in 1957. "It would be a mistake to say no, because one day, we hope not in the too distant future, this improper, insincere, and uncomradely behavior toward us will subside." When Khrushchev purged his archfoe Molotov, Tito thought the day had come. In the summer of 1957 he met Khrushchev once more (this time secretly, in Bucharest), and upon returning made his largest concession thus far to Soviet policy: he recognized East Germany, leading Bonn to sever diplomatic relations with Belgrade.

This single act has had at least four deleterious consequences. It cut off substantial possibilities of West German economic aid. It stiffened resistance in Bonn to Yugoslav claims for World War II restitution. It constitutes a major obstacle to a Yugoslav accommodation with the Common Market. And it effectively tied Yugoslavia to Khrushchev's view of the German problem, for only if the West also recognizes East Germany can Yugoslavia get off the hook.

Tito's disappointment must have been profound a fortnight later when Khrushchev asked him—in vain—to sign an international Communist declaration branding "revisionism" as the "main danger" and calling for the strengthening of the Warsaw Pact. It was not long before the Yugoslav Communist Party program (despite alterations by Tito to please the Kremlin) was under sharp attack from both Moscow and Peking, and Khrushchev himself called Yugoslavia a "Trojan horse" staked by American "alms."

Thus, in 1958, Tito stood rebuffed by Stalin's heirs even as he had been excommunicated by Stalin a decade earlier. Once again, a measure of realism was the result: Yugoslavia obtained new loans from the West, set about reforming its currency and trade practices so as to participate in world markets, strengthened its ties with neutral Egypt and India, and refrained from any dramatic initiatives toward the Soviet bloc. At the beginning of 1960, the heretic Milovan Djilas, for five years the symbol of the westernizing and democratizing tendency in Yugoslavia, was released from prison. . . .

Helping Along the 'Inevitable'

What happened? Why, after the West had helped him a second time in mitigating the consequences of Moscow's bad faith, did Tito again turn toward Khrushchev? Domestic considerations supply part of the answer. So long as the Communist countries treated Yugoslavia as a pariah, the country was open to cultural, ideological, and economic influence from the West—a serious lack of balance from Tito's standpoint. Indeed, while western influence produced mainly a desire for the sweet life among some Yugoslav Communists, it also promoted all sorts of unorthodox ideas about the free market, farm prices, higher wages, Keynesian fiscal techniques, European integration, and the like. Such ideas only made for conflict with the "mountain boys," the fundamentalists in the party for whom the break with Moscow had been an unhealed wound rather than a liberation.

Nor did Tito's personal beliefs permit a permanent breach with the land of the October Revolution that he had witnessed in his youth. Like the rulers of medieval Serbia who fought yet also sought honors from Byzantium, Tito has sought Soviet legitimization of his régime not only to prove that he rather than Stalin was the true Communist but also to justify the thirty years he devoted to Moscow's service. Like Trotsky and unlike Djilas, he has held as an article of faith the view that Soviet "socialism" will inevitably reform itself. As a Leninist and internationalist —and also as a man who will be seventy-one in May—he has felt obliged to hasten the "inevitable."

Western diplomats date the latest turn in Tito's policy to two events in the late spring of 1960. The first was the U-2 incident in May, which suggested that the cold war had become more militarized, and the chances of hot war greater, than Tito had thought. The need for diplomatic reinsurance which the U-2 affair seemed to dictate was underscored by the apparent faltering of western positions at about the same time in Turkey, the Congo, Laos, Korea, and Japan. The second event was the Bucharest Conference in June, at which Khrushchev first publicly aired his long-festering dispute with the Chinese, with the prevention of war as his platform, and failed to secure a clear-cut victory. The conflict at Bucharest suggested that Khrushchev might now prove more amenable to an understanding with Tito, and also provided an ideological basis on which it could be achieved.

From the summer of 1960 on, western diplomats report, Yugoslav relations with the United States and other western powers have been characterized by a growing mutual indifference. The Yugoslavs, they say, have seemed mainly interested in keeping them "quiet," while pursuing the prospect of more vital relations with Moscow. One diplomat compares the Yugoslav attitude to that of a man with a wife and a mistress: when the wife complains. he seeks only to persuade her that the family interests are not being neglected.

A fortnight after the Bucharest Conference, Yugoslavia became a full-fledged principal in the Sino-Soviet dispute with the publication of Edvard Kardelj's polemic *Socialism and War*—a most valuable piece of ammunition for the anti-Peking campaign, for Kardelj could afford (as Khrushchev could not) to be explicit and to go far beyond the uneasy compromise formulas evolved at various intrabloc meetings. In October, 1960, Tito re-established personal contact with Khrushchev at the "all-star" (shoe-thumping) session of the U.N. General Assembly in New York, and apparently there was an agreement to begin the "normalization" of relations with an exchange of foreign ministers' visits. A month later, however, Khrushchev

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saw fit to compromise with the Chinese at the Moscow Conference of eighty-one Communist parties, which "unanimously" condemned Yugoslavia for "betraying Marxism-Leninism" and carrying on "subversive work against the socialist camp."

Tito called this a "rotten compromise," but apparently had reason to believe it could not last. He showed little interest when the new Kennedy administration made an obvious bid for warmer relations by appointing George F. Kennan as ambassador and sending over Chester Bowles on a special good-will mission. The most positive Yugoslav response was to assure the U.S. that the Belgrade Conference of "nonaligned" heads of state, planned for September 1961, would in no respect take an anti-western turn.

Then, in July, the Yugoslav foreign minister, Koca Popovic, after numerous postponements, at last went to Moscow. Why he received the green light at this point, and precisely what Khrushchev told him, nobody claims to know. Yet western observers regard this as still another turning point. For Tito's conduct at the Belgrade Conference came as a shock to those who had sounded out Yugoslav officials before the Popovic mission: Tito not only refused to condemn Russia for resuming nuclear tests, but went farthest (in the very midst of the crisis over the erection of the Berlin wall) in urging Khrushchev's formulas for the solution of the German problem.

SINCE THEN, Soviet-Yugoslav relations have made steady progress in step with the renewed de-Stalinization drive and the reopening of the Sino-Soviet dispute. Last April Khrushchev sent Andrei Gromyko to Belgrade with offers of trade expansion, and soon afterward he himself stumped Bulgaria and Romania urging better relations with "socialist" Yugoslavia. During the summer a flow of lower-level delegations took place between Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, and the East European satellites. At the end of September, Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet chief of state, came to Yugoslavia in expiation for the promised visit that his predecessor, Marshal Voroshilov, had canceled in 1957.

Few who had observed the public aspects of the Brezhnev visit imagined that much could come of it. The populace was almost demonstratively apathetic, while official Yugoslavs confessed themselves repelled by Brezhnev's crudeness, boasting, and transparent attempts to compromise his hosts. Yet Communist diplomacy always moves on several levels; and it appears that the real work on this visit was performed by Yuri Andropov, the central committee's secretary for relations with foreign Communist parties. One result of his unpublicized work that has come to light was the reopening

of contact between Yugoslav and Soviet party schools—the first such contact since 1948.

The progress made thus far toward a Tito-Khrushchev entente was accelerated by the Cuban crisis and the Chinese attack in India. Cuba weakened Khrushchev's position on several counts. The secret installation of missiles, the hasty withdrawal under Kennedy's ultimatum, and Mikoyan's subsequent arm twisting in Havana not only were attacked by the Chinese as "adventurism" and "capitulationism"; they also produced a visible disarray among the Communists of Eastern Europe, who gained a new understanding, previously warped by sputniks and hundred-megaton explosions, of the real balance of world power. Tito, with both covert sympathizers in Eastern Europe and "nonaligned" friends outside, could play a useful role in ending this disorder. One result of the Cuban crisis was the sudden purge of the anti-Tito faction in Bulgaria, which Khrushchev had failed to dislodge in 1956 or to convert last spring.

The Chinese attack on India posed not so much the threat of global nuclear war as the danger that India might join the western camp. Such a development would jeopardize Khrushchev's seven-year strategy of courting the neutrals, itself under persistent Chinese attack, and would undermine Tito's elaborate edifice of "nonalignment," in which India, through its size, relative stability and moral prestige, has been the keystone. (Cairo, in fact, almost immediately expressed displeasure at the Yugoslav failure to give India prompt and unequivocal support.) The situation, dangerous to both Khrushchev and Tito, also suggested a division of labor: Moscow and its allies to restrain the Chinese by whatever means possible, Belgrade to influence India toward a compromise settlement (or at least a framework for protracted negotiations) acceptable to Peking. Vice-President Kardelj's recent tour of Asia has permitted Yugoslavia to exercise such influence in the most direct and discreet manner.

Will It Last?

What now? How solid is the Tito-Khrushchev entente and how long can it last? On the one hand, both Tito and Khrushchev told the Supreme Soviet that "differences remain," and Tito referred there to Yugoslavia as "nonaligned." Party relations have not been restored—at least not openly, as in 1956—and there has been no hint of the dimensions of a possible Soviet economic package for Yugoslavia.

On the other hand, Tito's *alter ego*, Second Vice-President Aleksander Rankovic, speaking in Kiev, resurrected the old formula about "the working class of the entire world, together with all progressive forces, led by the Soviet Union"—the first time this particular litany had been heard from a Yugoslav official since 1948.

Western observers here believe that Tito and Khrushchev have probably struck a limited *ad hoc* bargain which blurs and defers ideological questions in order to permit concerted action toward urgent common

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objectives. The most obvious of these is the isolation of Peking, in the Communist world and among the neutrals. At the Italian party congress, the explicit attack on China was led by a Yugoslav "fraternal delegate," Lazar Kolisevski, in company with Frol R. Kozlov.

It should not be imagined, however, that the aim of the joint pressure against Peking is to provoke a split. Rather, the object is to make Mao Tse-tung see reason and behave in accordance with Khrushchevian (and/or Titoist) conceptions of how to promote Communism in the nuclear age. Tito no less than Khrushchev seeks to avoid "losing China," for an irreparable Communist schism at a time of steady progress toward western unification would decisively tilt the balance of the cold war.

FROM THE VIEWPOINT solely of Soviet-Yugoslav relations, it seems clear that the current alliance imposes new ideological compromises on Tito without offering the prospect of significant gains. Under the exigencies of the struggle with Peking, Khrushchev continues to put up with such unregenerate Stalinists as Walter Ulbricht in East Germany and Antonin Novotny in Czechoslovakia—even though the former is a major obstacle to a compromise on Berlin and the latter has led his country to the brink of economic ruin. Czechoslovakia is, moreover, the only East European state (apart from Albania) in which the leading victims of Stalin's anti-Tito trials have not yet been "rehabilitated"; indeed, the prospective leader of the reforming or Khrushchevian faction, Rudolf Barak, is himself in prison, and the recent Czech congress confirmed that he will stay there.

Thus, the prospect of a realignment of Eastern European Communism, in which Tito would emerge as lord lieutenant of the Khrushchev realm, seems considerably more remote than it did in the post-Stalin confusion six or seven years ago. As for the older projects with which Stalin tempted Tito, "Balkan federation" and "swallowing up Albania," these are now practically impossible.

With American trade in question, with entry for Yugoslav goods to the Common Market by no means assured, Tito may well wish economic as well as diplomatic reinsurance at this juncture. Khrushchev may yet give Yugoslavia enough economic assistance to make a short-run collaboration profitable. Nevertheless, most observers here believe that in return he would exact a price far higher than verbal support for Moscow's peace propaganda. Sooner or later, two questions would surely be raised. The first is that of Yugoslavia's attitude toward the Warsaw Pact. It seems inconceivable that Tito would consider joining an organization that would not only put him beyond the pale for the West (including Italy, his most lenient creditor) but would also bring back to Yugoslavia those very Soviet military advisers who first touched off the original quarrel with Stalin. On the other hand, for Yugoslavia to be an honored member of the "socialist family" without adhering to the pact would again, as in 1956, raise grave questions in those member countries—notably Hungary and Poland—that must still tolerate Soviet armies on their soil.

The second question: Would Tito agree in advance to be bound by the joint decisions of the Communist parties, including those led by such archenemies as Ulbricht, Novotny, and Maurice Thorez, not to mention Mao? Tito refused to be so bound in 1948, and again in 1957. Yet, if the unity of the Communist movement is to be maintained—and Russia's military position requires its maintenance at least in Eastern Europe—Tito must ultimately be either "in" or "out," a disciplined member of the family or merely a useful fellow traveler.

Even though Yugoslavs again take part in international party congresses, first in Rome and now in East Berlin, these have been purely anti-Peking rallies. It seems unlikely that Tito can ever go "in" as far as to accept collective discipline on broader questions. To do so would not only destroy his diplomatic standing in western and neutral chancelleries but would require an economic and perhaps a political revolution at home. More than eighty per cent of Yugoslavia's industry is western-equipped; more than two-thirds of its export trade goes into western markets; the new Yugoslav generation of engineers, technicians, and managers has largely been trained in and by the West. "Nonalignment" doubtless appeals to Yugoslav national pride, and there is little doubt also that the Yugoslav public is quite conscious that through its fourteen-year association with the West Yugoslavia has fared immeasurably better than its East European neighbors. Even now, favorable trade terms in the American and Western European markets could do more for the Yugoslav economy than anything Khrushchev can promise.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if Tito himself wishes to jeopardize such associations, although he may have illusions about his own ability to carry water on both shoulders. What is certain is that relatively few in Yugoslavia, even among the Communists, share his "optimistic" view of Khrushchev's abilities or intentions. There has always been a gap between Tito's small group of prewar Communists, formed in the old Comintern, and the far more numerous postwar generation that reached maturity fighting the Cominform; that gap has, if anything, widened. One younger official, questioned after Tito's trip about Khrushchev's Cuban adventure, agreed readily that Stalin had been a more prudent operator. "The level of statesmanship seems to have declined all over," he remarked with obvious distaste.

Symptomatic of the real limits which Yugoslav policy must observe is the fact that the photographs of Tito and Khrushchev kissing each other which appeared in the West European press have not been published in Yugoslavia itself. Nor has the press here begun in any way to popularize closer ties with Russia. To the contrary, *Borba's* most pointed comment has been that "very much has yet to be done on both sides" toward "fuller mutual acquaintance" and "exchange of experiences in the building of a new society"—a polite way of saying that Khrushchev must make a start by giving Yugoslav ways full credit among his own people. All this suggests that western diplomats, along with ordinary Yugoslavs, can afford to view this latest "affair," like the earlier ones, with a certain equanimity.

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The Four Faces Of Japanese Socialism

EDWARD NEILAN

TOKYO

TO THE patient scrutator, there is really very little remaining about the Orient that could be called "inscrutable." There is one institution in Japan, however, to which the term—in the dictionary's definition, "incapable of being searched into and understood; incomprehensible; unfathomable"—may still be applied: the Japan Socialist Party.

The most distressing thing to Americans is that the JSP often sounds more Communist than the Japan Communist Party. It espouses "positive neutralism," but when its delegations visit Peking it signs joint declarations condemning "American imperialism." And yet even Red China's Mao Tse-tung admitted early in 1962, "The Japan Socialist Party is a very strange sort of party." Understanding the Socialists is made all the more difficult because they do not seem to understand themselves. "What we need is a firm ideological backbone," one Socialist leader told me. It sounded fine except that he is one of the most notoriously wavering members of the party.

The only definite prediction that the Japan Socialist Party would ever take power came from an electronic brain that about a year ago was fed limited data on past elections and replied that the JSP would hold the government reins within seven years. Most non-Socialist Japanese political experts feel that the party's contradictions, its estrangement from the international Socialist movement, its Marxist pronouncements, and its closeness to Moscow and Peking will combine to keep its popular appeal at the present level.

Why then, if the JSP is at present more a fact than a force, should Americans be concerned at all?

Already the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, conservative and pro-American, is running into difficulty in its promised ten-year "income doubling" plan. To continue the present rate of growth, the Japanese have recently turned increasingly to China and Russia. When a Japanese mission visited Peking last fall, a memorandum was signed for barter trade amounting to $100,800,000 for five years beginning in 1963. This is regarded in Japan as a turning point in Japan's trade with the Communist world. Japanese interests have also signed to cooperate with Russia in industrial development projects in Siberia.

The JSP, already the major opposition party in Japan, cannot fail to be strengthened by these developments. If the Liberal Democrats somehow fail to keep Japan's surging economy going and lose the faith of the electorate, the Socialist Party would take over. In such an eventuality, the shape of Japan's foreign policy would change, affecting the Far Eastern policy of the United States and the future of the entire area.

TO UNDERSTAND Japanese politics, the outsider must realize that the parties are in essence federations consisting of semi-autonomous factions that are loosely formed leader-follower groups of constantly shifting memberships. It is often among these factions, not among the parties themselves, that negotiation and compromise take place. In *Parties and Politics in Contemporary Japan,* Robert A. Scalapino and Junnosuke Masumi contend that this importance of the role of factions inevitably means the relative unimportance of the parties themselves, and that "The factional strife makes for the central source of political instability."

Like the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, which has eight major and several minor factions, the Japan Socialist Party is split several ways. In the ideological spectrum represented by these factions, there is everything from covert Communists and Marxists to Fabian Socialists and Christian Socialists to apolitical opportunists. When spokesmen for the various factions issue statements, they often sound as if they were representing different parties rather than elements of the same party. This is one reason why the Japan Socialist Party so often seems to be contradicting itself. Official party pronouncements must be sufficiently ambiguous to satisfy all elements.

There are four main factions in the JSP, each of which has splinter groups and "clubs" within it. The most moderate faction is led by Jotaro Kawakami, chairman of the party central executive committee, and by Mitsu Kono. They envision a Socialist Party on the lines of the British Labour Party. The faction led by Hiro Wada, director of the party's international bureau, and Seiichi Katsumada, chief of the pol-

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icy research board, is farther to the Left, and still more leftist is the Suzuki faction. Mosaburo Suzuki led the Socialist delegation to Peking early in 1962. Saburo Eda, who resigned as secretary-general of the JSP on the eve of the party elections last November, was a member of this faction but has now withdrawn in an effort to lead the party to a more moderate "new vision" of JSP aims. The new secretary-general, Tomomi Narita, is also a moderate whose presence is supposed to guarantee adherence to "pure socialism." The fourth faction, the Comrades for Peace group, is hardly distinguishable from the Japan Communist Party.

The Socialist right wing has more in common with another party, the Democratic Socialists, than it does with other factions within its own party. The Democratic Socialists, led by Suehiro Nishio and Eki Sone, broke away from the Japan Socialist Party in 1959. They have adopted a platform similar to that of the German Social Democratic Party. The DSP is understood and appreciated by the international socialist movement and advocates a Socialist state achieved through parliamentary means. This is the party the United States would like to see bridge the deep gap between the Right and Left in Japanese politics. But so far the DSP has made dismal showings at the polls.

The Asanuma Statement

In March, 1959, the late Inejiro Asanuma, then chairman of the Japan Socialist Party, announced during a visit to Peking that "American imperialism" was the "common enemy" of China and Japan. The party's rather poor showing in the Diet elections that year was blamed on the Asanuma statement. The Japanese resented having a politician join a foreign government in an attack on the foreign policy of their own country. The following year saw the violent demonstrations against the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty. As an aftermath of the demonstrations, Asanuma was assassinated in a public hall by a seventeen-year-old rightist who later committed suicide.

With elections again scheduled at the end of 1960, the Socialists, who had been lumped together with the Communists as anti-American in the minds of the voters, tried desperately to shake this image as well as the stigma of the Asanuma Peking speech. They came forward with renewed expressions of "positive neutralism" and insisted they wanted to be friends with both the United States and the Soviet Union.

The party did well in the elections and most of the credit went to Eda, then secretary-general. He had led the emphasis on moderation and had introduced something he called "structural reform" within the party. Essentially, this was nothing more than a device for Eda to keep his faction-riddled party in one piece and to give it a positive slogan to take to the polls.

Eda says his brand of socialism aims to "develop mankind's potentialities to the fullest possible extent," and as examples cites the high living standard in the United States, the social-welfare system in the Soviet Union, parliamentary democracy in Britain, and the no-war constitution of Japan.

The *Japan Times* has called this a "Madison Avenue appeal" attempting to smooth over the party's repeated references to "American imperialism" and to present a more appealing face to the voters. Eda's main opponent in the party, Kozo Sasaki, the ideologist of the far-Left Suzuki faction, has openly criticized "reformist" policies and claims that the party should concentrate on the struggle against capitalism and imperialism lest it become guilty of rightist mistakes.

THE HOPE that the party was being sanitized with a new moderation dissolved when Eda made his report to the party's central committee on the party's 1961 activities. He said tensions between the two world blocs were undoubtedly the result of "war policies based on the fundamental structure of imperialism and particularly American imperialism." This came as something of a surprise to those who were banking on Eda to keep the party aimed at "positive neutralism." His statements could be explained, however, by the fact that he was seeking re-election as secretary-general. He had the votes of the more conservative factions and used the statements as a maneuver to gain needed votes from the party's left wing.

The last hopes that the party might be going straight were dashed on January 13, 1962, in Peking. Mosaburo Suzuki, chairman of the delegation that met Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese Communist leaders, issued a joint statement with Chang Hsi-jo, chairman of the Chinese People's Foreign Policy Association. The statement declared that "American imperialism is the source of world tensions"; that the United States was making use of revived Japanese and German imperialism to provoke trouble in Europe and Asia; and that the Kennedy administration was suppressing democratic movements among the American people. It was, in effect, an endorsement of the earlier and controversial Asanuma statement.

This incident caused rumbling in the JSP and was used as ammunition by other parties in the election for the upper house, the House of Councilors, in July, 1962. The Socialists showed a slight increase in popular votes, and the party managed to increase its seats by one, to thirty-seven among those being contested. The JSP now has sixty-six seats in the upper house to the Liberal Democratic Party's 142. The Democratic Socialists have eleven and the Communists four.

The most surprising aspect of the July election was the showing of the religious group Soka Gakkai. It elected nine members to bring its total to fifteen, passing the Democratic Socialists and becoming a potentially crucial bloc should the Liberal Democrats attempt to line up the two-thirds majority needed for a constitutional change, such as revising the no-war clause. In the more important House of Representatives, the Liberal Democrats have 298 seats to the Socialists' 144 and the Democratic Socialists' sixteen. The Communists hold three and independents two. So far the Soka Gakkai has not entered candidates for election in the lower house.

Under Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer, U.S. embassy officials have direct contact with Socialist leaders. Reischauer's predecessor, Douglas MacArthur II, had a

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stormy session with Asanuma following the latter's Peking speech and refused to see any more of him. MacArthur's feeling was that if Asanuma and the JSP felt "American imperialism" was the enemy of the Japanese people, there was no need to talk any further. Reischauer's policy has been to resume the "broken dialogue" with all elements of Japanese political and intellectual life.

The Tangled Party Line

Statements of Socialist policy goals vary according to whom you talk with. Members of the Kawakami-Koni faction insist that a Socialist take-over will be accomplished by parliamentary means and that democracy in government, socialism in economy, and neutralism in foreign policy will be pursued. "Certainly power would be transferred back to the conservatives," a member of this faction told me when I asked him what would happen if the Socialists won government control at the polls and then lost it in a subsequent election.

A member of one of the splinter groups close to the Comrades for Peace told me that in the event of a Socialist victory either by voting or revolution, a true socialist state would be developed and there would be no question of a return to rule by "monopolistic capitalists."

By their own estimate, the question most often asked of Socialists here by foreign visitors, from the Marxist scholar Sidney Hook to the most uninitiated tourist, is, "What is the difference between the Japan Socialist Party and the Japan Communist Party?"

The most often repeated answer is one that I first heard from a leader of the Kawakami-Kono faction. When I asked him how it happened that both parties criticized "American imperialists," he answered that the difference was that the Communists received their policy line from outside the country, from Peking and Moscow, while the Socialists arrived at their policy independently. Another difference cited by the Socialists is that the Japan Communist Party supported the Soviet Union's resumption of nuclear tests while the Socialists have consistently opposed all testing. Most Socialists are resigned to the fact that only a Liberal Democratic miscue, perhaps a failure in economic policy or a shaky handling of the emotion-charged Korea-Japan rapprochement negotiations, would deliver the government to their hands, and not the attractiveness of JSP policy.

It is on the question of the defense of Japan that any conversation between Japanese Socialists and Americans most frequently breaks down. I found Shimpei Fujimaki, deputy director of the party's secretariat of the policy research board, illuminating on most parts of Socialist policy. He is a graduate of Yale and returned home from his studies via Moscow and Peking. Despite the example of the Korean War and continued tension in that neighboring country, Fujimaki felt that Communism did not threaten Japan. "Why should we have arms if we are neutral? Who would want to attack us?"

When Mosaburo Suzuki made a similar remark recently at a social gathering, a conservative politician retorted: "We know you are neutral, Mr. Suzuki, but if you believe that theory, why do you have such a high wall around your expensive house and garden?"

THE CONCEPT of Japan as the Switzerland of Asia is raised often by the Socialists and, for that matter, by many intellectuals. They would have all American bases withdrawn, and would stabilize the Japanese Self-Defense Force at about seventy-five thousand men for police duties only. A five-power nonaggression pact signed by Japan, the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and Communist China would give Japan all the security it needs, according to the Socialists.

The argument is probably the most effective one the Socialists employ, and it finds considerable acceptance in the pacifist Japanese society. The return of Okinawa to Japanese administrative control and prior consultation on the movement of U.S. forces and equipment out of Japan are other Socialist demands that have had a popular response here. Too much criticism of the Okinawa situation, however, leads the Socialists' opponents to point out that Russia holds Japanese territory in the Kurile Islands—a situation that the Socialists never seem to emphasize. Similarly, too much emphasis on prior consultation on movements from Japan—as in the build-up in Thailand and the Seventh Fleet's deployment toward Taiwan—hampers the argument for the return of Okinawa. The Socialists realize that the United States will never give up the island base under the present circumstances. Pressure in Japan on the bases problem would only prolong the U.S. occupation of Okinawa, where prior consultation is not a factor.

The divergent factions with their divergent views help to explain the ambivalent, ambiguous face of the Japan Socialist Party. Another question is, "What holds this hodge-podge together?"

The answer is money, most of it supplied by Sohyo, the largest labor federation, with 3.7 million members. It is true that Socialist efforts to win more of the agricultural vote have met with some success, and observers feel that further attention to the countryside will add balance to the growth of the JSP in its desire to be more than a "perpetual oppos-

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tion." Nevertheless, the party's strength is in Sohyo. Of the sixty-six Socialists now sitting in the House of Councilors, forty-two are members of Sohyo. Sohyo has been opposed to the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty, to the presence of American bases here, and to Japanese rearmament. It has endorsed Communist China's claim to Formosa and membership in the United Nations and advocates a demilitarized Berlin.

On visits abroad, Sohyo officials have more often met with unions associated with the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU) than with unions attached to the pro-western International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU). Last November, however, Walter Reuther came here at the invitation of Sohyo and spent several days explaining his view of America to leading labor Socialists. The results may not be apparent for a while, but the talks were cordial and illuminating.

Sohyo's immediate enemy is "Japanese monopoly capital," which it claims is supported by "American imperialism." Probably the Communist influence in the unions, especially within the Sohyo federation, is beginning to wane. There was much concern about it between 1955 and 1960, but gradually the union leaders have found that struggles for economic goals are much more fruitful than political demonstrations.

Thus, during 1962 most of the campaigning was for adoption of a forty-hour week—which is unrealistic now in a country where regulations for the forty-eight-hour week are blatantly violated—and general wage increases. It is felt that if the economic policies of the ruling party are successful—and this would include a satisfied labor force—the unions will have little reason to turn out in the streets in violent demonstrations demanding the overthrow of the government.

In its own analysis after the elections for the House of Councilors, the Japan Socialist Party seemed to sense this, and some leaders called for less reliance on the labor unions. Estrangement from labor and its purse, however, would leave the JSP precisely where the Democratic Socialists are today—watching the ball game from the left-field bleachers.

Three Rulers In Search of a Country

PHILIP WRIGHT

LUANG PRABANG

AT THE WEDDING last August of Prince Vong Savang, heir to the throne of Laos, and Princess Manilay Phanya, daughter of the ambassador to the United States, the bride arrived at the royal palace preceded by red-and-gold-clad attendants carrying trays, sheltered by two white-and-gold royal parasols, and followed by a retinue of young girls. On the top of the palace steps bride and bridegroom met; they then lit candles in front of the Buddha and went to kneel before the court Brahmans, who recited prayers and blessings: "Be as strong as the antlers of a stag, as the jaws of a wild bear, or as the tusks of an elephant. May your life last a thousand years; may your riches be abundant in every kind, elephants, horses, victuals, and wealth. May you be all-powerful the world over. May everything yield before you and may you be free from want."

This ceremony in the ancient royal capital belonged to the gentle past of Laos, a past that is fast receding before the harsh realities of the world power struggle. Even at the wedding these realities were apparent. Among the guests were the two princes and the general who stand at the head of the warring factions of Laos: Prince Souvanna Phouma, the premier of the newly established coalition government, who calls himself a neutralist and who has been cast by the United States and the Soviets alike in the role of savior of Laos; and his two vice-premiers, pro-Communist Prince Souphanouvong and rightist General Phoumi Nosavan. The vice-premiers represent not only different ideologies but widely differing backgrounds as well. They have, however, this in common: they are both intelligent, active, and energetic, and each is determined to have the other's political skin. Prince Souvanna Phouma is the man supposedly able to prevent them from doing this and from blowing Laos to pieces in the process.

The Power Struggle

Souvanna Phouma is known throughout Laos for his incapacity to make up his mind. Anywhere else a man so constituted would be a most unlikely choice to stem the Communist advance. In Laos, however, where no real solutions are possible for the time being, Souvanna Phouma might help the West to gain time by his very inertia. In any case, by now he appears to be rapidly becoming a man of Laos's past, whose remaining ambitions are said to be appointment to the vacant position of Ouphahat, or viceroy, to

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which he is entitled as the senior member of the cadet branch of the royal family, and retirement to the house he has just built in France, where his wife and children live.

The future is therefore in the hands of the two younger partners of his coalition, between whom the wedding had produced a brief interlude of amity. Seeing them sitting side by side, many people must have speculated how long the uneasy cooperation between them would last. The reasons that have impelled Prince Souphanouvong to enter the coalition are fairly obvious. From a military viewpoint he has probably obtained all that he can hope for without causing western intervention. Political rather than military maneuver would now suit him best, and membership in the coalition government gives him the base for this. He has the advantage of possessing the only working political organization in Laos, the Neo Lao Hak Xat, the political arm of the Pathet Lao movement. None of the other political groups has been successful in establishing a popular following. To do so they would have had to find a cause attractive enough to overcome the Laotians' ingrained political apathy, while all they could offer was the preservation of a status quo that was both inefficient and corrupt. Nor did they really try; as long as political power was the prerogative of a narrow clique, it was possible to stay at the top without popular support.

THIS may now no longer be so, but it does not follow that General Phoumi is done for. There can be no doubt of his ability, and if he were to disappear from the Laotian political scene there would be no one left capable of actively opposing the complete take-over of the country by the Communists. Although his military strategy has failed—which is not so astonishing considering that he never fought a battle before 1960—he is considered a shrewd and wily politician with a love for intrigue and the mind of a chess player adept at getting the most out of every move. What he lacks is political ideals, for which there was little use in Laos until now but which would help him greatly in the coming battle of wits.

The general is a big man for a Laotian, and he looks tougher than most of his countrymen. At forty-four, he is the youngest of the three contenders for power, but he too has taken part in most of the events of Laos's recent past. Toward the end of the Second World War he joined first the anti-Japanese resistance under Prince Boun Oum of Champassak, and then the anti-French movement to which the Princes Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong also belonged. When Laos achieved independence, he became an officer in the Royal Lao Army. Five years ago, after his return from a training course in France, he entered politics by founding the right-wing Committee for the Defense of National Interests. At first there were hopes that the committee might develop into a political party capable of standing up to the Pathet Lao. But it eventually went the way of all similar attempts as personal interests took precedence over political ideals.

By contrast, Prince Souphanouvong is a quiet and intellectual-

looking man. He is said to think and talk with the logic of the French rather than with the rhetoric of the Laotians. People who knew him in his youth—he is now in his early fifties—recall that even then he had no taste for court life, and seemed always lost in his own thoughts. When still a boy he left Laos, which had no secondary schools, and went to Hanoi in what is now North Vietnam for schooling, then to France to become a civil engineer. This was in the heyday of the French Left, and the young prince, exposed for the first time to modern political thought, modeled his philosophy on the socialist doctrines popular among Paris students. When he returned to Laos he was fired with youthful ideas and ideals, but he was unable to translate them into practice in a country dominated by a feudal aristocracy and a French civil service suspicious of all innovations. He therefore returned to Hanoi, the cultural center of French Indo-China, and there found inspiration and guidance among the group of Communists around Ho Chi Minh. By such circumstances was this royal prince, who is considered one of the ablest men in Laos, pushed along a road from which there is no return.

The Second Rank

Some western observers think that Souphanouvong's star is setting, and that effective control of the Pathet Lao and of the Neo Lao Hak Xat is now in the hands of two little-known men, Kaysone Phomvihan and Nouhak Phoumsavan, who prefer to remain in the background and therefore have rarely held public positions.

Kaysone, the vice-chairman of the central committee of the Neo Lao Hak Xat, of which Souphanouvong is chairman, is of Vietnamese origin and is said to be utterly devoted to Ho Chi Minh. In 1954, he was made the commander of the Pathet Lao guerrilla forces, and he has since been the man responsible for the all-important liaison with the Vietminh. He is considered an extremely able man and the driving force behind the Pathet Lao's ideological campaign.

Nouhak is one of the rare self-made men in Laotian politics. Most politicians, even pro-Communist ones, come from bourgeois or aristocratic homes; he started life as a peasant, went on to be a truck driver and later a businessman, and was rewarded for his leftist loyalties by being made a member of the Pathet Lao delegation to the 1954 Geneva Conference. He is known as a good speaker and as a political dogmatist, and he was Prince Souphanouvong's principal adviser during the talks that led to the formation of the coalition government.

Ostensibly Pathet Lao policies are made by the Neo Lao Hak Xat's cen-

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tral committee, where the prince is still believed by many to be *primus inter pares*. Besides Kaysone and Nouhak, the most important members of the committee are General Singkapo Chounramany, the chief military strategist, and Phoumi Vongvichit, the very articulate spokesman of the Pathet Lao who is minister of information, propaganda, and tourism in the new government. Both are sons of wealthy families who are part of Laos's conservative ruling class. These experienced, disciplined, and dedicated men represent an impressive array of talents for a country such as Laos. Equally capable men can be found among the non-Communists too, but the lack of an organized base for political action reduces their effectiveness.

The Tribes and Communism

The Meo are one of a dozen or more Chinese mountain tribes who came to Laos during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, and whose villages are situated in small clearings hacked out of the jungle on the mountaintops that border on China. This tribe has fought with the government against the Pathet Lao, mainly out of loyalty to their most important chief, Touby Lyfoung, who has long been on good terms with Laos's ruling class. The Meo were, however, the only tribe on the government side; the others, both in the north and in the south of the country, were successfully wooed by the Pathet Lao, which benefited from the tribal fear and hatred of all government officials and from the deep-seated traditional antagonism the mountain people feel for the Lao of the valleys.

To understand how these feelings were fanned into a civil war, one must remember that the mountain tribes of Laos are not a small minority like the *montagnards* in Vietnam, or a tiny fraction of the population as in Thailand and in Cambodia. They are a good half, and possibly more, of the two to 2.5 million people of Laos.

But in spite of their large numbers they have lived until now completely outside the social and economic fabric of the country, their life a constant struggle against the tax collector, the district commissioner, and the soldiers sent to round them up for forced labor. The motivation the Pathet Lao needed for subversion was already there, and it was easy for them to recruit their rank and file from among the warlike tribesmen. They were also able to overcome what would otherwise have been an almost insurmountable obstacle to successful Communist agitation: the absence of agrarian discontent in a country mainly inhabited by peasants. Laos suffers neither from land hunger nor from overpopulation, the two main ingredients of Communist successes in China and in Vietnam; it would thus appear an unlikely field for Communist propaganda. If it had not been for the tribesmen, whose potential importance the Communists were quick to grasp while the government remained blind to all danger signals, Communist penetration would not have succeeded to the degree that it has.

The civil revolt in Laos started, in fact, long before the Pathet Lao turned it to its own advantage. In 1910, the Kha tribes in the south revolted against the combined weight of Lao and French oppression and started a guerrilla war that continued unabated for twenty-seven years. A few years later, in 1918, a similar rebellion broke out among the Chinese tribes in the north that took more than four years to repress. In the absence of governmental efforts to ease the lot of the tribes, their uprisings, now led by the Pathet Lao, have continued to this day.

THERE ARE SAID to be as many as sixty different tribes in Laos, falling roughly into two categories: those of Indonesian origin who inhabit the south and were in Laos before the arrival of the Lao, who are of Thai origin; and those of Chinese origin in the north, who are comparative newcomers.

The southern tribes, colloquially called the Kha or slaves, lived in the Mekong Valley before the Lao conquest. They were once a very numerous people but were killed off in their fights with the Lao and later in the wars that periodically ravaged the area, and eventually were reduced to servitude. Hence their name and the contempt with which the Lao are said to treat them even now. Some of them have remained so poor that they cannot even afford seeds or implements. They live off the bark of certain trees which they grind to a pulp.

The tribesmen in the north did not fare quite so badly; they are known for their steadfast character and their fierce spirit of independence. But they too were cut off from the main body of the population and were often harassed by the government. Moreover, as principal growers of the country's most valuable cash crop, the opium poppy, they were exploited by a succession of Laotian and later French middlemen.

Although there are differences of appearance, customs, and language between the tribes of the south and those in the north, their social and economic organization shows many similarities. They all practice "slash-and-burn" cultivation, which consists in felling trees to make a field and then burning them on the spot to fertilize the ground, with the rains used as the sole source of irrigation. Such fields can be used only once; the tribes must therefore lead a nomadic existence, moving from place to place when the ground around one village is exhausted; hence they know neither property nor inheritance rights, loyalty neither to village nor to country. Another thing that they have in common is that the burden of work falls upon the women. They cultivate the fields that the men have cleared; they trek to the market to sell their produce and to buy what they need; and they, of course, look after the household, while the men hunt and smoke opium.

The Pathet Lao-led tribesmen are accustomed to hardship; they appear to be warlike by nature and habit, and they are at home in the jungle where they dwell. The Lao of the Mekong Valley, from whom General Phoumi draws his conscripts, have neither the toughness nor the fighting spirit to stand up to these determined jungle fighters, nor do they have the motivation. Whenever there was a confrontation between the two opposing forces, nine times out of ten the government troops simply ran away after a first exchange of shots, sometimes before.

This is not surprising since the

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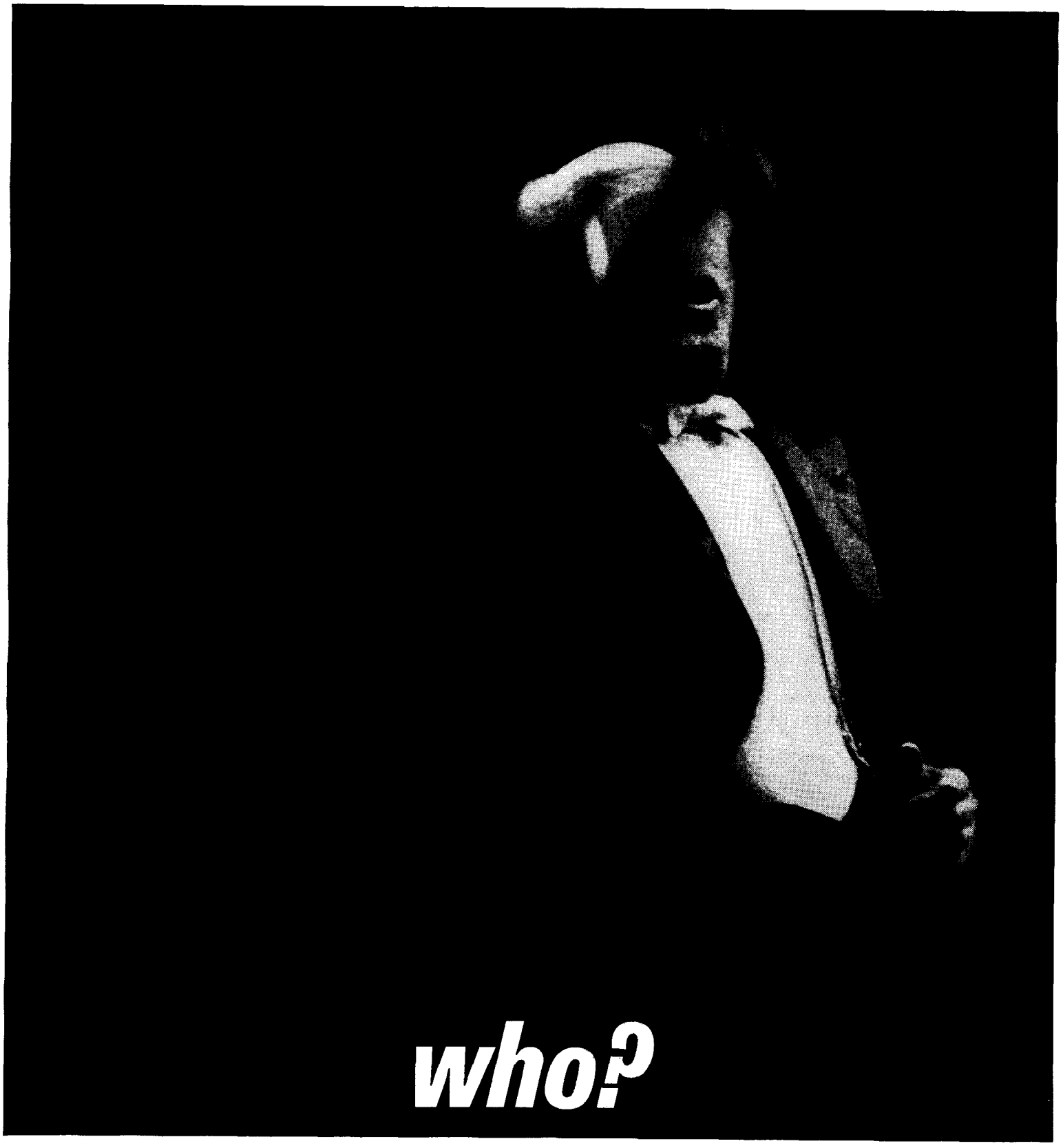

One of the world's great conductors, Eugene Ormandy, leading the Philadelphia Orchestra in a full-hour television concert of American music. Produced by Philadelphia's TV10 at the city's world famous Academy of Music, "Eugene Ormandy's Sound of America" was *seen in prime evening time on all five* CBS Owned stations. And subsequently, as part of CBS Television Stations' second International Program Exchange, it was enjoyed by millions more viewers in eight other nations.

Imaginative, venturesome—the Eugene Ormandy broadcast is just one example of local programming of extraordinary stature and scope. But Philadelphians have long known who consistently broadcasts programs of the highest interest and the widest appeal. CBS Owned WCAU-TV... that's who!

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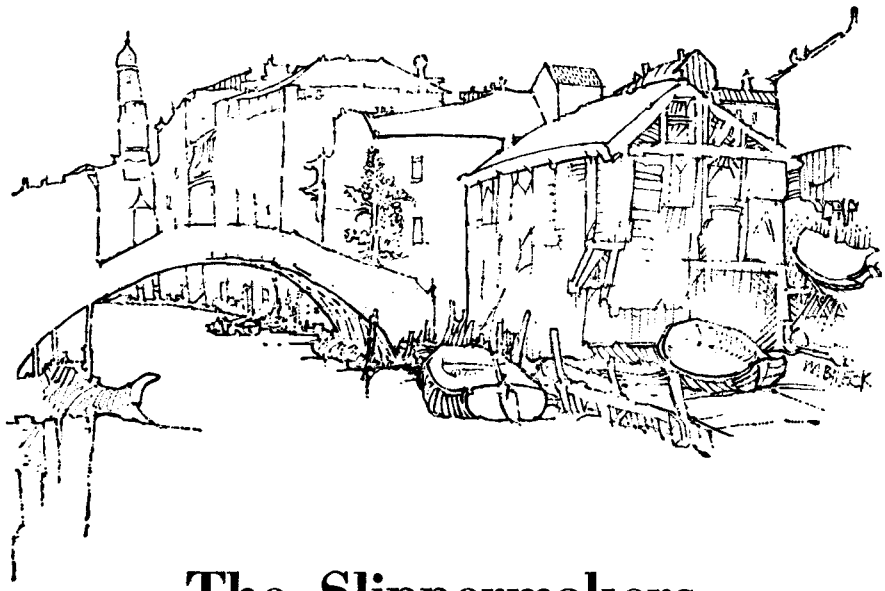
southerners have long been known as a gentle people, valuing domestic more than warlike virtues.

Ore and Apathy

Laos is backward compared to its neighbors. While the capitals around it are bustling with activity—Bangkok a sprawling metropolis, Saigon even today a beautiful city of elegant avenues, Pnompenh a charming French town—the administrative capital of Laos, Vientiane, which is also the center of all commerce, is shabby and neglected. Even by Asian standards, Laos gives the impression of a very poor country, an impression which is only heightened by the knowledge that it has considerable potential riches. Not only have substantial coal deposits been found; it now also appears that the two iron-ore deposits in Xieng Khouang Province that have so far been surveyed are of such magnitude as to make Laos one of the richest sources of iron ore in the world. One cannot escape the conclusion that what is keeping Laos backward and poor is, more than anything else, the attitude of the people who live there.

The Pathet Lao will find it as difficult as anybody else to overcome this apathy. Though they will probably make a more thorough effort than the others ever did, they will be handicapped by the distrust of the average Lao, who identifies them with the alien tribesmen and with the traditionally hostile Vietnamese. The educated young Lao, on the other hand, want neither a western-backed Right nor a Communist-backed Left; they do not want politics but action that will lift Laos out of the morass. They criticize the West and hold the old-time politicians in contempt, but they also know what Communism is and are afraid of it. Many of them during the last two years came straight from Paris to serve as officers with the small group of neutralist troops under Captain Kong Lae (now a general) that support Prince Souvanna Phouma, rather than take the soft jobs that were open to them with the government at Vientiane. They do not have many illusions about Prince Souvanna Phouma either, but at least he is receptive to their views and there is nobody else for them to rally around.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Slippermakers

A short story set in Venice

ANTONIO BAROLINI

I WAS SURE of myself that day last spring in Venice. As I guided my wife through the twisted alleyways behind Campo Santa Maria Formosa, I was sure I would lead her finally to the shop of two old lady slippermakers and there we would order to measure for our little girls at home a pair each of the most delicious, original, and beguiling handmade slippers ever to arrive in America. The *campo*, an open area surrounding the church of Santa Maria Formosa, is spacious—a broad opening in the labyrinth of Venetian *calli*, and is always filled with children playing, cats sunning, and women sitting in tight bunches doing their mending. In other days there would have been the leisurely coming and going of young girls to fill their buckets at the well, but the well is closed now and the girls are off on different matters.

From this *campo* a long street (with just that name—Calle Lunga) runs down to the canal, giving off, along its length, a network of little alleyways and dark passages. And it was in the second alley to the right off Calle Lunga as we came from the *campo* that I would find the slippermakers' shop. The shop would be at the bottom of a building so old and decrepit it was almost a hovel. But it would have a showcase window like a transparent jewel box, a *bonbonnière* of light and gaiety swathed and draped in worn red satin, caught up here and there in loops and sashes baroque as the curls of sea froth. Among the swags and folds of satin we would see a display of fabulous slippers of all kinds—of felt, of silk, of delicate leathers trimmed with pearls and beads and embroidery; wrought with infinite care, as elegant and slim as those worn by a bishop or a doge. On a faded blue ribbon hung across the top of the showcase resembling those streamers that decorate a Christmas crèche and are inscribed *"Gloria in excelsis Deo . . .,"* there would be traced in peeling gold the words "Luisa and Marta, Slippermakers."

All this I knew for certain. For I was, you might say, "at home" a whole winter in the same building where the shop was. It was the winter of 1944-1945, and I was a political refugee in hiding from the Nazis who then occupied the northern part

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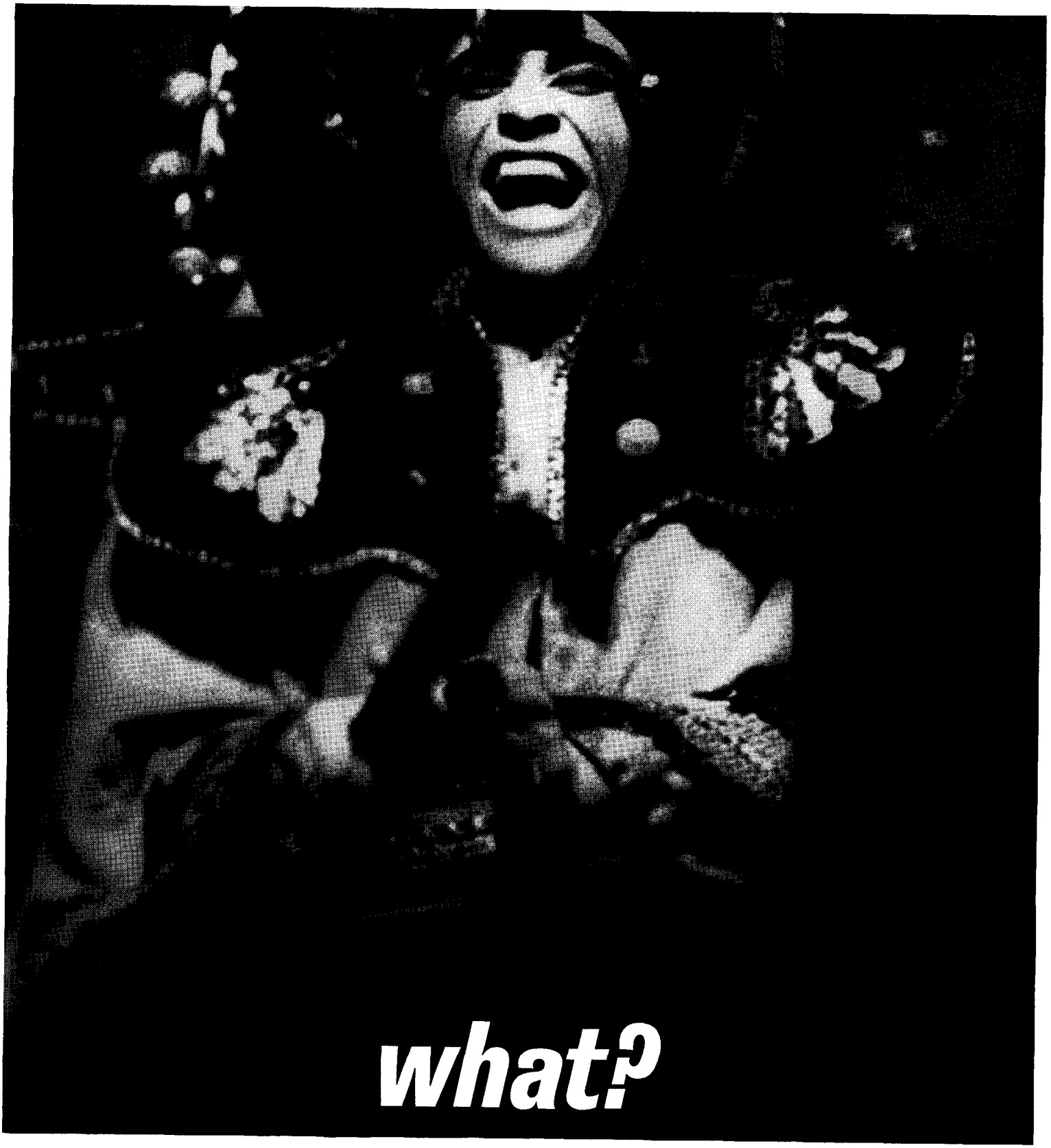

what?

A scene from Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta classic, "The Mikado," as performed by the students of Evanston Township High School, and broadcast during 90 minutes of prime time on Chicago's Television 2, as part of its regular "Repertoire Theatre" series. Reception? *Fit for an Emperor!* Variety, for example, called the show "Remarkable. Superb." And then went on with special applause for "the handsome mounting of the production, the impeccable staging, first-rate setting and costumes, and *near-perfect camera work.*"

A perceptive eye for what's happening on the local scene—that's what makes community service programming effective, exciting. And that, among other things, is what makes CBS Owned WBBM-TV the year-in, year-out favorite station of viewers in the Chicago area.

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of Italy. The only people I saw in that period besides the person who hid me in his apartment were the two lady slippermakers: they lived on the bottom floor, I above them in the two-story building.

But that day some sixteen years later, roaming around the back streets of Campo Santa Maria Formosa with my wife, I was unable to find the old building that had sheltered me, or the slipper-shop window full of satin and dust.

I HAD GONE directly to what must have been the place, then had stopped annoyed, wondering if I had made a mistake. In Venice it is easy enough to confuse one corner with another, one street with another; but finally I was satisfied that I had found the right corner and that the old building had disappeared, its place taken by another. Where the shopwindow should have been I saw only a blank wall, freshly whitewashed. I asked in the neighborhood about the slippermakers but I found no one who remembered them except an old tinker, a coppersmith who now earned his living mending leaky pans and lining old copper vessels with aluminum patches, the survivor of another time and another trade.

"You're asking, *paron mio*," he said with a toothless grin at my question, "about the times of Methuselah."

"Well, not really," I replied, "just a little more than sixteen years ago."

"Does that seem like nothing—sixteen years of *these* times!" he answered with what seemed like irritation. "Who remembers, who wants to remember those other times? All dead, so dead they've even had time to work miracles!" And dismissing me, he bent back to his work, as if ridding himself of a troublesome thought. I felt confused, ill at ease—no, it was more, I felt wretched.

Friends confirmed that the two old sisters I sought had been dead for years, since almost immediately after the war; that the decrepit corner building had been torn down and another constructed on the spot; and that, worst of all, *il popolino* would not willingly speak of the slippermakers, as if the mere evocation of their memory could bring bad luck. This seemed to me the height of injustice, of human misery, of the dissipation of the solidarity that had bound us all together in the bad times. For during the war the constant state of uncertainty and apprehension had been eased for us refugees by the solidarity of the *popolino* behind us, especially in Venice, where the people were, and are, anti-Fascist and anti-German from inveterate tradition.

Every evening around eight during that winter of hiding in Venice, I went down to the apartment of Marta and Luisa. They were sisters, they were hunchbacked, and they

were always alone. Two hunchbacks, I have said, and two drops of water I should add, so alike were they, so identically disproportionate in everything, even the hump. Their very appearance was the cause of much unease among their neighbors—they represented some madness in the natural scheme of things, a bizarre quirk in nature's pattern, the inexplicable coincidence that there should be two of them. Their faces were broad, their bodies short but agile, and they were so angular as to seem made of wood. Even their clothes were identical—gray knit on weekdays, green serge with brass buttons on Sundays, and always high-heeled shoes that threw their small bodies forward and gave them a quick trotlike gait as they moved to the accompaniment of sharp, tapping sounds.

They always acted in concert like two parallel lines, together but not touching. Every day around noontime I would watch them from my upstairs window as they left their shop and turned the corner going toward the *campo*. In about an hour they would reappear, and their coming and going in the street below were the two fixed points in my long, amorphous days as a recluse.

THE SISTERS, ugly and deformed though they were, concentrated all their coquetry on the arrangement of their hair: they wore shiny black wigs gathered in complicated buns and braids on top of their heads and held together with all manner of little sparklingly decorated combs and pins. These majestic coiffures were completely out of keeping with the rest of their appearance. Under them the old ladies seemed to be tottering insecurely, their pipestem legs barely supporting them. Then, too, the masses of black hair seemed to lengthen their long noses and pointed chins, make more noticeable their angularity of face and body, and accentuate the sickly pallor of their lined cheeks, already exaggerated by an abundant use of chalky powder.

Marta and Luisa lived, and had always lived, by their trade as slippermakers, confecting their wares behind the counter of their little shop. As they worked, their petulant little voices sounding as one, two motifs returned like rhythmic cadences in their conversation and inspired them on to shriller and shriller tones. The first motif was Fascism, the other the Germans, and both to them were the instruments of Evil and its infernal sects. They defended themselves against such evil with their tongues, their invective, and with the mysterious weapon which was another of their obsessions or, rather, the basis of their particular faith—the magic pendulum.

How, why, or in what circumstances the two ladies had arrived at the cult of the magic pendulum, I did not know then and now will never know. Nor do I know the origins of this form of divination, which, in my view at least, seems to be in some way connected with metaphysical phenomena, with spiritualism and mediums and telepathy, with the occult and supernatural—in my ignorance of these matters, I'm bound to put in a pinch of everything. The fact is that the sisters possessed a strange faculty: they could cause a lead pendulum which they held suspended from a string in their fingers to oscillate or even rise up from its vertical position to a steady horizontal one. They called it a "magic pendulum," but it looked like an ordinary plumb bob

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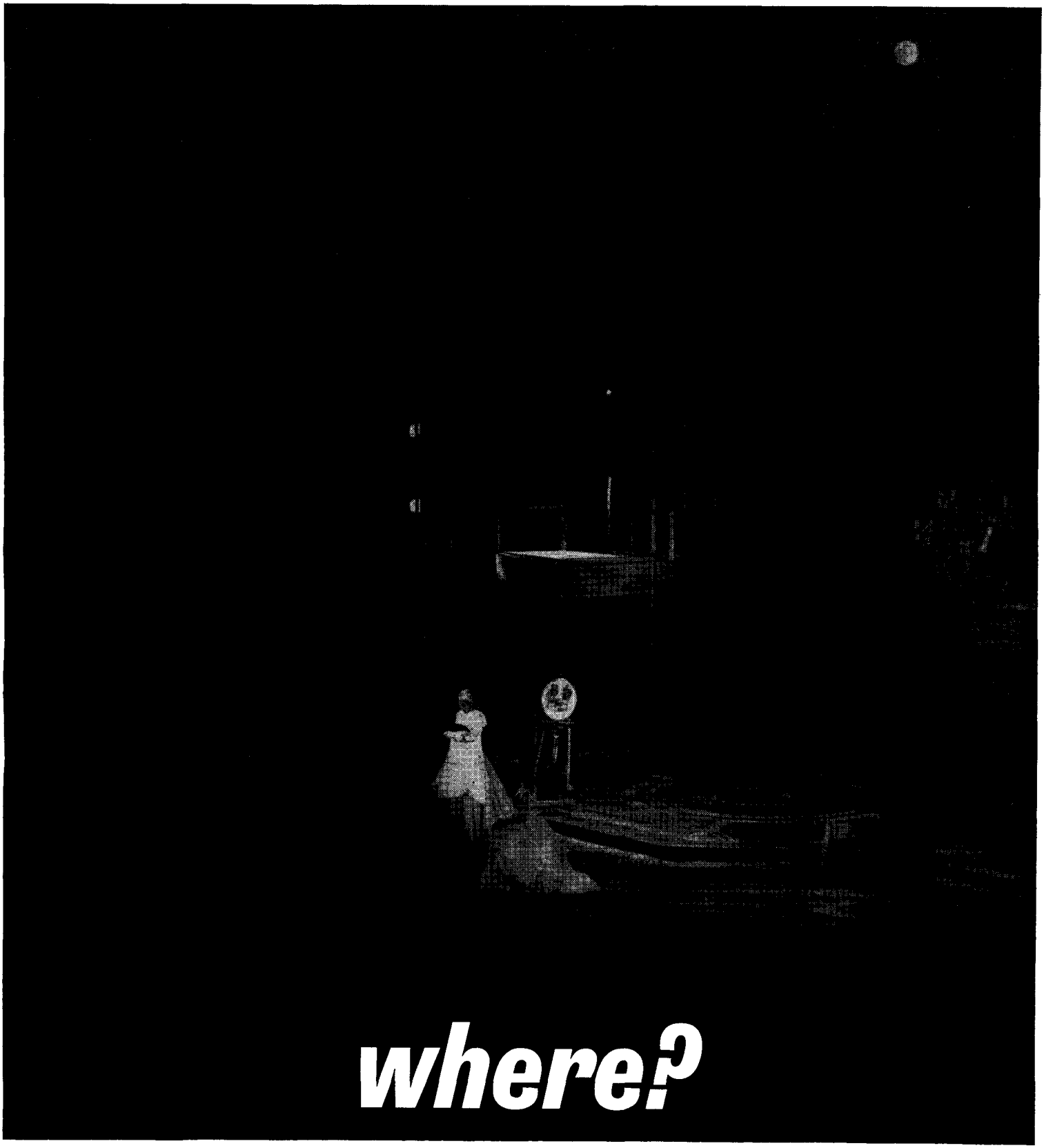

The brand-new Delacorte amphitheatre in the heart of New York's Central Park, scene of Channel 2's historic 2½-hour broadcast of "The Merchant of Venice." The first presentation by a commercial television station of a complete play by Shakespeare direct from the theatre of origin, the program drew a mammoth audience of 1,600,000 viewers, leading all New York television stations during the peak viewing hours of 8:30 to 11 pm.

The broadcast—pace-setting, compelling—is an example (one of many!) of community service programming that consistently captures the spirit and imagination of audiences in the nation's largest, most dynamic metropolis. Programming New Yorkers find only on (where else?)... CBS Owned WCBS-TV, the leading station year after year after year.

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—the kind carpenters use—of no particular value. In conjunction with the pendulum they used a kind of measuring stick upon which were inscribed units of measure to correspond to their own subjective list of important personalities, personalities whose presence would be indicated by the climb of the pendulum to a certain unit of the measure. Ninety degrees was the maximum the pendulum could rise to and this happened only for the presence of the Saviour. Dante came somewhere in the high eighties because he had seen much, followed by Petrarch who had loved much, and then by Columbus who had suffered much. Seventy-five degrees would signal da Vinci, fifty degrees Napoleon, twenty-seven D'Annunzio.

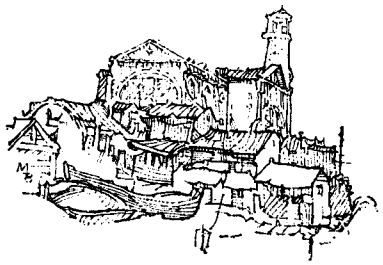
They were, I suppose, mediums. Luisa seemed the more endowed of the two, for often in the presence of some truly grand personality she would go into a trance. This they told me in confidence and only, they said, because I was a poet; I was never present at their rites.

I knew a little, however, about the language they had devised to interpret their pendulum: a single oscillation corresponded to the letter "A," two to "B," and so on through the alphabet. The oscillations spelled out messages; the steady rise of the plumb bob corresponded to units on the measuring stick indicating a presence among them—these were the two functions of the magic pendulum.

Curved over the motion of their pendulum, Luisa would hold the string, concentrating mightily in her will to dominate and move the little bob at the end, while Marta stood at attention with the measuring stick to determine the angle of the pendulum's rise or count the oscillations and write down on paper the letters that were spelled out. In this way they passed the time after my evening visit to them. The pendulum was the thermometer of their days, the oracle of each moment. If they foresaw trouble, they shut themselves up in an obstinate silence, like misers. If not, they would reassure themselves happily, whispering soft swift words between themselves, words that flowed out of their ambiguous and cautious smiles and the phantasmic appearance of their faces illumined under the lamp.

Upstairs in my hideout there was no radio. But the two slippermakers had a tiny one and every evening when I came down, with the doors and windows sealed and with utmost precaution, we'd listen to the plushy tones of the BBC from London. Marta took written notes, especially of the final messages transmitted by the partisans, and this seemed to me a needless recklessness on her part. After the broadcast they'd pour me a tiny glass of grappa which I took down at a gulp, then they would bid me good-night, dismissing me as they stood up. And I would know they were going to consult their pendulum.

Their door, with a last ray of light, closed behind me; I climbed



the dark stairs, and I felt irremediably anguished and alone, abandoned to the persecution of the times, torn away even from the comfort of those bizarre angels whose wings I imagined closed and contracted in the form of humps on their slender shoulders.

NEXT MORNING they would send me word of the pendulum's activity the previous evening: "Last night D'Annunzio came—he was furious, they've blown up the bridges over the Arno." Or, "The pendulum went up to eighty-five degrees—it was the Angel Gabriel, he came like a burst of wind and light telling us to have faith, the faith of children in the Good Father, and the storm would not touch us." St. Francis, too, when he appeared or sent another friar as messenger, foretold an end, finally, to all the calamities: "There is still much to suffer," he'd say, "but you'll see the end; you will see the flowering of spring when the dove of peace will touch all Christian doors with his glorious olive branch."

There were also more concrete messages: "Don't despair—there'll be good results from a new submarine action"; or, "Be on your guard, the German retreat from Monte Belvedere is a sham;" or, "Pray hard tonight, there'll be battle and death in the Asolano hills."

In the evening, then, when I saw my friends, they were still talking over these events with an excited, agitated babbling, interrupting each other, chattering in unison—like a pair of panting children. "Come on," I would say a little churlishly, "What does this mean? Don't you ever sleep? Did you spend all last night looking at the pendulum?"

They laughed at my wonder. They laughed openly in my face with the synchronous gasp of two wound-up toys; they watched me with their sharp eyes, acute and judging, but benevolent nevertheless. "Yes, we sleep very little," they answered gleefully. "Those who have the consolation of light don't need the darkness of sleep." They were serene, pure, in those moments; they were creatures of the Beatitudes. An aura protected them and whoever was near them—I couldn't understand why but I was sure it was so.

The poor things were generally held to be innocuous, pompous, somewhat hallucinated; they were pitied for the morbid accent of their anti-Fascism, for the stridency of their prophesying—accurate but so acrimonious, and finally, for that freakish vanity which had come to them just recently of making themselves seem taller and younger by the use of elaborate wigs. "Good business has gone to their heads!" the neighborhood people said sourly, for because of the scarcity of shoes the sisters were selling their slippers—not the de luxe models, but an ordinary, more robust type—as fast as they made them.

But they were also feared. The fact that they were twin hunchbacks created a certain apprehension among people used to seeing omens and signs in all aspects of the life about them. According to what was said in the neighborhood, the slippermakers brought good luck if one was friendly to them and showed them respect, but there were tales of terrible things happening to people who had tried to do them some injury. One poor wretch, for instance, who had gone to denounce

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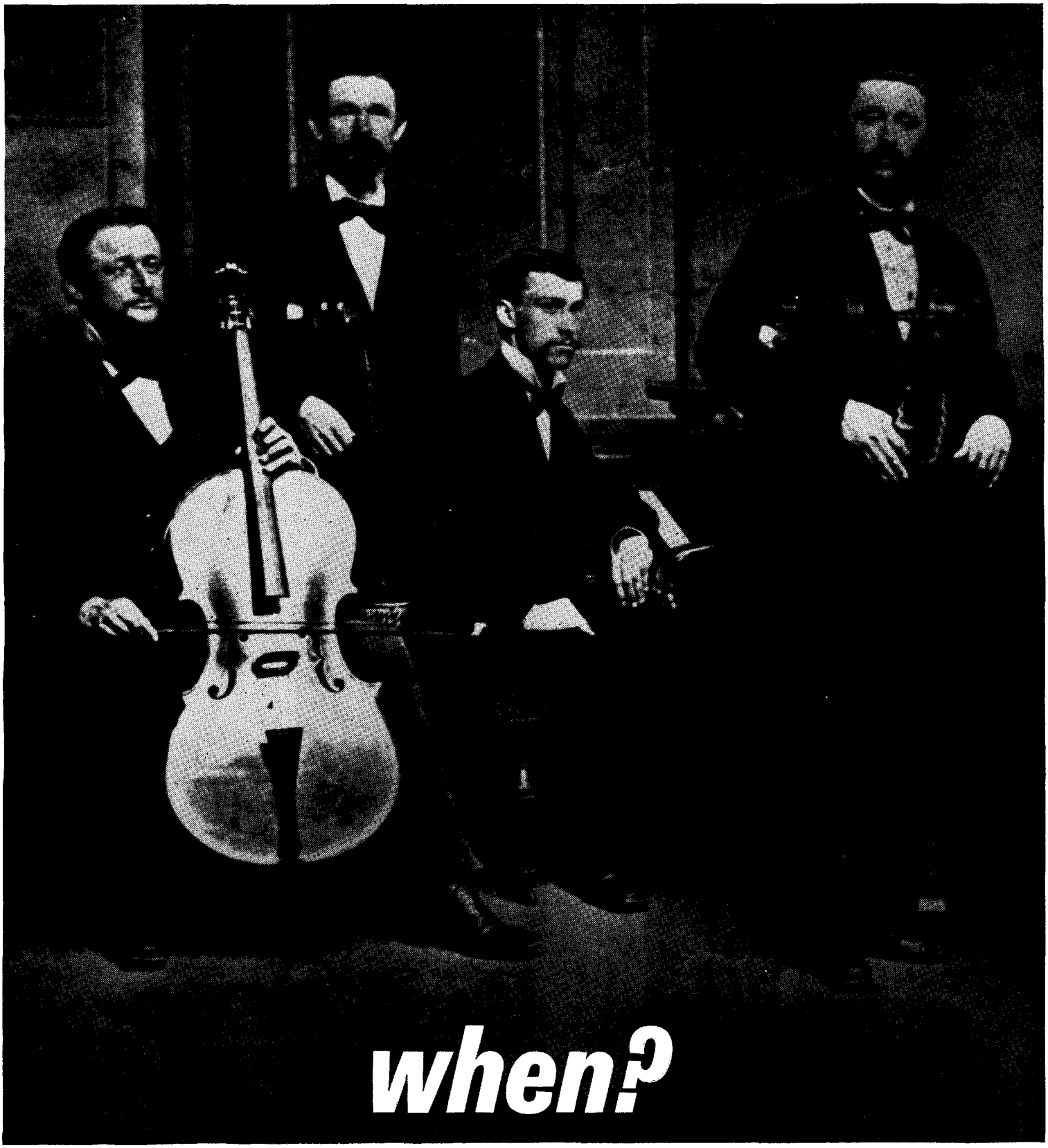

Circa 1880, when scores of amateur orchestras flourished throughout the St. Louis area. A colorful era recalled recently on "Theme with Variations," Channel 4's recreation of St. Louis' rich musical past seen in prime time. Narrated by Earl Wrightson, this locally-produced program served to underscore an urgent plea by Mayor Raymond R. Tucker for a heightening of civic cultural activities, as part of a general revitalization program for the entire St. Louis community.

The city's past made meaningful in terms of its present and future—this is community service at its vital, practical best. And this is one of the things St. Louis audiences look for, and get, when they look at CBS Owned KMOX-TV, Mid-America's favorite television station month after month, year after year.

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the slippermakers for their anti-Fascist sentiments died of a stroke right there in front of the functionary to whom he was making his deposition. When the Fascist official found out that the persons in question were the two queer hunchbacked slippermakers of the Santa Maria Formosa quarter, he would not instigate action against them; on the contrary, he let it be known that they were, so to speak, under his protection. In this way he hoped to offset the effects of the evil eye which, as hunchbacks, they certainly possessed. At this time nobody in Italy was more superstitious than the Fascist flunkies who felt the undercurrent against them and were afraid of everything they couldn't control with their immediate power. All the local hierarchy, those who controlled the working-class districts of the big cities, preferred to overlook cases in which they could become the object of individualized hate and revenge. And so even the Fascists in Venice joined in the chorus of those who proclaimed the sisters harmless and pathetic eccentrics.

At the end of that interminable winter the great windfall of liberation and victory blew through our midst. That triumphant gust seemed even to blow away the trim coiffures of my friends, for they suddenly appeared wigless, almost shorn, that happy morning. Wild with joy, they had thrown their majestic toppings into the air and danced about them on the tips of their toes in their slipper shop. Later they put the wigs in the showcase like two extravagant confections of marzipan. They invited me to join them, laughing all the while at my amazement and wonder, as they ransacked the drawers under their counter and threw about the shop and the showcase a pile of slippers embroidered with miniature rosettes and cockades in the Italian and allied colors: the British stripes, the American stars, France's lily and the Cross of Lorraine, the red and gold of San Marco.

I STILL SEE their dwarfed but agile figures, their delicate white hands as they drew from the lowest drawer an enormous silk flag of the Italian *risorgimento* and proceeded to drape its shining folds, its bright and flamelike colors, in their window. Under their own short frizz of gray, the expression on their pale faces had suddenly become simple and likable, lighted by a genuine humaneness as if the faces too had been liberated—liberated from the castles of formidable black braids that had given them such an air of harshness and disdain. I complimented them on their new appearance and asked why they had ever wanted to be bothered with those black wigs at all.

Here they burst into uncontrolled hilarity. Giggling and dancing about like two frantic marionettes, pointing bony fingers at the stupefied expression on my face, they revealed to me the secret of the messages dealing with partisan and allied activity that they had hidden and transported in the wigs with safety. I remember caressing the stiff braids of those ugly wigs with tenderness.

Three winters more the slippermakers worked at their trade in the little shop. Then the Venice fogs wore them out; the summers faded and extinguished little by little the blue banner of their shop window, the embroidered slippers, the remains of the dusty wigs. Or perhaps it was the mists of the new freedom that cloaked them—the forgetfulness of the liberated, the indifference of the healthy and happy toward the deformed and strange, together with the fact that shoes were available again and no one needed their slippers. Perhaps these things extinguished the sisters sooner than their years and frailty. They died alone and now not even their memory is welcome. They were obliterated with the whitewashed wall that replaced their dark hole of a shop.

Fraud and Freud

JAY JACOBS

I APPROACHED the film *Lawrence of Arabia* cautiously and with limited receptivity—and was surprised to find myself entranced by and believing in what, historically at least, is full of inaccuracies. To begin with, Lawrence, as the caricaturists of his day happily discovered, was about as imposing physically as an adolescent hamster; a fact that to my mind can't readily be dismissed in any attempt to solve what is called "the Lawrence enigma." As Lawrence, Peter O'Toole, a rangy six-footer, is much given to keening over the illegitimacy of his birth; but where a man with a tendency toward self-dramatization and megalomania is concerned, the difference between being a big bastard and a little one may conceivably be of more significance than is usually the case. Then, too, several incidents in the film simply never took place in Lawrence's life. The fall of Aqaba, for example, was a negotiated surrender in which the rousing camel charge we see on the screen played no part whatever. Nevertheless, taken as fiction in a historical setting, the movie is a splendid one.

It has become a commonplace of film reviewing to damn superproductions with such faint praise as "the stunning backgrounds, filmed entirely in a damp corner of Pawtucket, make *Three Fountains in the Quoin* well worth half the admission price." In any discussion of *Lawrence of Arabia,* however, "background" would be a totally misleading term for the tremendous physical—and, indeed, mystical—presence that the director, David Lean, has made of the Arabian Desert. In scene after scene, the eye is literally dazzled by a variety of phenomena that I would have thought could not have been screened successfully: mirages, afterimages, heat shimmer, and the now-you-see-them-now-you-don't effect induced by flyspeck figures on distant horizons—all the visual aberrations brought about by an overdose of blinding light—are rendered with startling verisimilitude by the camera. Somehow or other, even the taste of the wind-blown dust, the stink of hot oil, metal, leather, blood, and explosives, and the gut-wrenching weariness of a prolonged trek by camelback all seem to be re-

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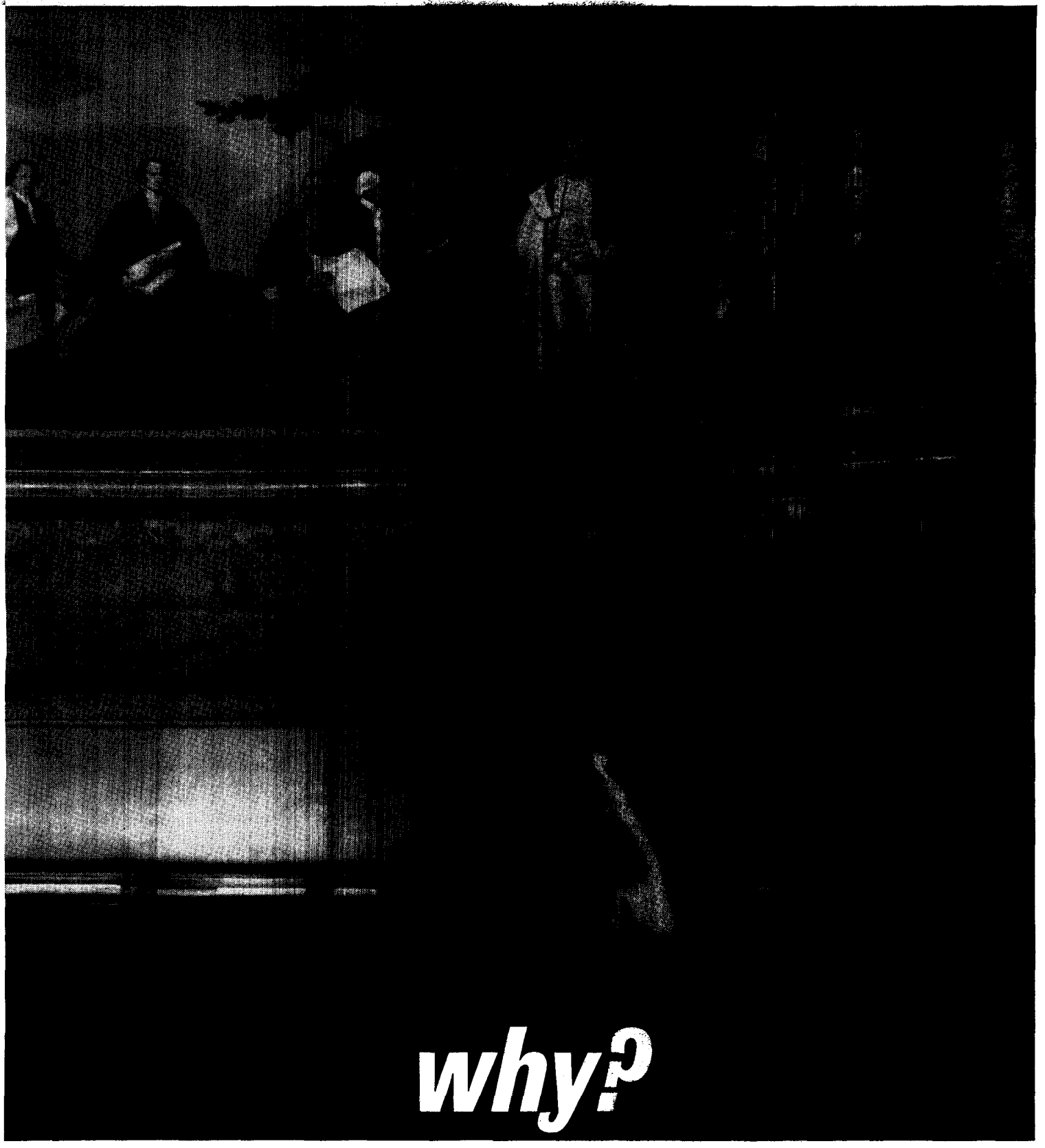

why?

To bring to Los Angeles' 1½ million school children a better understanding of their government, its history and function, KNXT produced "For Which We Stand," a two-part filmed record of 12 Southern California students' experiences on a KNXT-sponsored tour of the nation's capital. Summing up the enthusiastic reaction of local audiences and critics alike, the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner saluted the two hour-long programs as "an uplifting show for all Americans."

Only a mass medium like television can make community service so meaningful, for so many. And in Los Angeles, only Channel 2 does the job so well. Which is one reason why the number one television station with viewers throughout the nation's second market is—has always been—CBS Owned KNXT.

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produced through purely visual means. And, while the script may do violence to factual accuracy, the film catches magnificently the spirit of a unique historical moment, in which the last bastion of medieval knighthood suddenly found itself overrun by the twentieth century.

Lawrence of Arabia may in no way clear up the mystery surrounding an enigmatic little man whose historical achievements are still considered fraudulent in some quarters; but the film's real protagonist is the Arabian Desert—a state of physical oppression and a state of mind made as compelling for the moviegoer as it must have been for Lawrence himself.

PSYCHOANALYSIS simplified is the theme of *Freud,* an earnest but essentially ludicrous biography. In this version of the life and works, the good doctor, as portrayed by Montgomery Clift, appears to be as nutty as a *truite amandine* himself, and hardly the man to cope with the peculiarities of his patients (whom he watches, from what I took to be the depths of a cataleptic trance, while they make love to an assortment of dressmaker's dummies and Kewpie dolls).

Sigmund Freud was no romantic desert fighter; whatever high drama there was in his life was altogether bound up with the intricacies and subtleties of his thought. To his credit, John Huston has hardly attempted to embellish a sedentary life with fictionalized melodrama. To the film's detriment, though, ratiocination of a complex order—especially when presented as though regurgitated by the editorial staff of the *Reader's Digest*—is not the stuff of which successful drama is made. And, since the arcana of psychoanalysis have formed the basis for a whole generation's small talk, a capsule summary of the genesis of the whole business isn't exactly a major contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

Valueless as it is for its dramatic or educational content, *Freud* may yet win itself a small place in the hearts of cinema archaeologists: a number of dream sequences looked to me like nothing so much as newly unearthed shards from the early Cenozoic classic, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.*

The Last Minstrel

NAT HENTOFF

TWO DECADES AGO, Richard Dyer-Bennet was one of the first folk singers to appear in night clubs. He remained on the circuit, however, only until he was assured enough concert work to guarantee him a reasonable annual income. Then as now, Dyer-Bennet practiced an approach to folk singing that was not studiously ethnic or archly commercial or an uneasy combination of both. He is, as he puts it, a minstrel.

In Dyer-Bennet's sense, a minstrel, first of all, is a thoroughly accomplished musician. He uses his light, lyric tenor with complete control and with the kind of subtle skill that enables him to sing Mozart and Handel in addition to "The House Carpenter" and "John Henry." His diction is crisp and his melodic lines are always spare, clear, and in balance. He rarely uses a microphone.

Through years of self-instruction and intermittent study with Rey de la Torre, Dyer-Bennet has become a resourceful performer on the Spanish guitar. By contrast, most folk singers—ethnic and hybrid—are distinctly limited self-accompanists. A minstrel, furthermore, ranges widely through the folk and "small art" repertory of many countries rather than restricting himself to a particular regional or national style. At his most recent visit to New York's Town Hall, last November, Dyer-Bennet characteristically included American and British folk material along with carefully composed French love and court songs and his own settings of Shelley, Byron, William Cowper, and Bret Harte.

Still lean and youthful-looking at forty-nine, Dyer-Bennet finds himself in a singular position during the current folk vogue. The young audiences that eagerly attend the appearances of such equally young singers as Joan Baez and Bob Dylan consider Dyer-Bennet too "sophisticated" and removed from folk "roots." Few of them comprehend the tradition and intent of minstrelsy, and the majority fail to find in Dyer-Bennet the often heavy touch of amateurism that helps them identify themselves with many of their singing contemporaries.

Dyer-Bennet regards with puzzlement most of those city folk singers who try for authentic ethnic styles. "If you are born and raised in the city," he has written in *Sing Out,* a journal of folk music, "you may copy the intonation and accent of a true rural folk singer, but you will be, at best, an imitation of the real thing. . . ."

Why, then, he has been asked by the unconverted, does he occasionally include such ethnic material as "John Henry" in his own programs? Can anyone but a Negro sing the tune convincingly? "To begin with," Dyer-Bennet told me, "this is a universal, classic tragedy of one man against impossible odds. Secondly, the man singing the song is the narrator. He is not John Henry. I, therefore, do not have to affect the speech of a Negro railroad worker to communicate the story.

"Throughout the history of minstrelsy," he continued, "from the troubadours and trouvères of the twelfth century on, the minstrel told about many different people and countries and eras. He could not be all the people he sang about, but he could try to make all those stories come alive again. The true folk singer, on the other hand, knew only his own town, his own side of the mountain. Two entirely different traditions are involved. I am false to my own tradition only when I try to *sound* like someone I am not, but I am not false to it when I tell his story."

DYER-BENNET'S commitment to minstrelsy became irreversible in 1935, when he met the near-legendary Swedish minstrel Sven Scholander. Dyer-Bennet had already had several years of formal vocal training before his encounter with Scholander near Stockholm. The Swedish singer was seventy-five. The old man, accompanying himself on the lute, began to sing "The Golden Vanity" for his visitor. "He looked straight at me," Dyer-

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Was he savior or traitor— this man who bargained with Nazis for thousands of Jewish lives?

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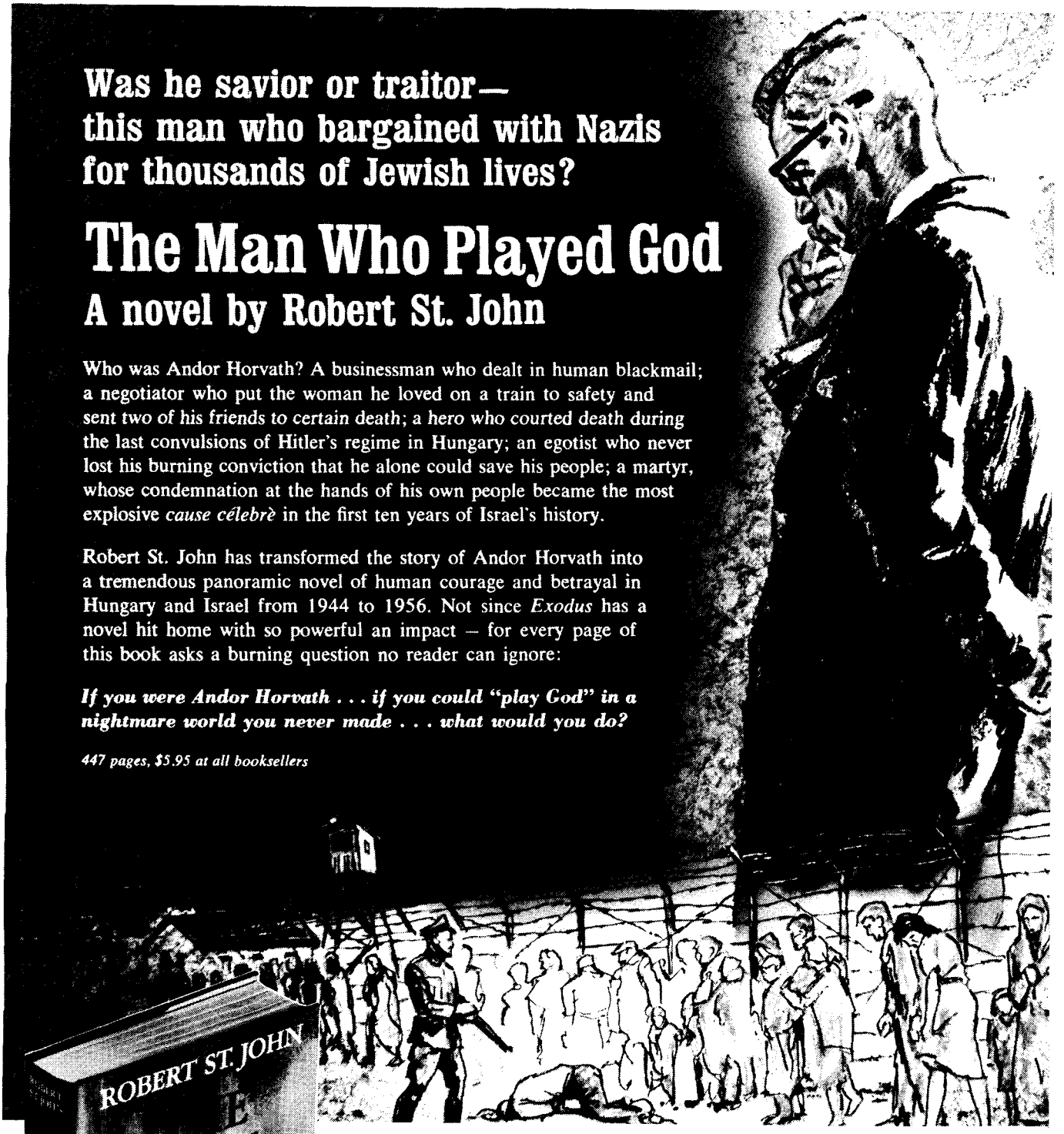

DOUBLEDAY publishers of these four other great best sellers

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Bennet has recalled, "and spun tale after tale. He sang of soldiers, sailors, young lovers; he sang dialogues between mother and daughter, altercations between birds and animals, descriptions of mountain and countryside. A pageant of the ages seemed to pass before my eyes, and it was all evoked by the husky voice of this old man and by his simple but exactly appropriate accompaniments on the lute."

Dyer-Bennet determined to take Scholander's advice to continue his singing, study the classical guitar, and participate in that "noble tradition" of fusing poetry, melody, and resilient self-accompaniment into the art of minstrelsy. By 1941, Dyer-Bennet was in New York, where the first stirrings of the folk revival were increasingly audible. Burl Ives, Josh White, Leadbelly, Pete Seeger, Tony Kraber, and Alan Lomax, the prodigious catalyzer, were all in town. Dyer-Bennet secured a sustaining show on NBC, Burl Ives was on CBS, and soon everyone in that initial nucleus was working in night clubs.

FROM THE FIRST, he had wanted a concert career, but bookers and managers were perplexed at his style and repertory. His kind of minstrelsy was unprecedented in America in the twentieth century; and therefore, the conservative concert middlemen told him, it was difficult to sell. In March, 1944, Dyer-Bennet went ahead anyway and made his successful Town Hall debut, the first self-accompanied singer in that auditorium's history. Later that year, Sol Hurok became Dyer-Bennet's manager. Hurok had come backstage after a Dyer-Bennet recital at Carnegie Hall and said, "I've heard this sort of thing once before. In Riga, about 1920. I heard a Swedish singer." The singer had been Sven Scholander.

The next year Dyer-Bennet was hired for only nine concerts at an average fee of $250. By 1951, he was booked for twenty-seven concerts, and his price had risen to $400. He still had to appear in night clubs to supplement his income until the 1955-1956 season, the first with enough concerts to allow him to leave the clubs entirely.

In 1955, Dyer-Bennet established his own record label, Richard Dyer-Bennet Records (P.O. Box 235, Woodside 77, N.Y.). The twelve albums that have been released so far are characterized by consistently high fidelity and comprehensive packaging (including lyrics to all the songs, and background notes by Dyer-Bennet). Of the three newest releases, *Richard Dyer-Bennet 10* is a cross section of the singer's repertory with, among other material, an Irish ballad, a sixteenth-century Spanish love song, an English chantey, and a composition by Dyer-Bennet himself.

The other two are unusual and reflect the diversity of the singer's interests and temperament. *Stephen Foster Songs* (Dyer-Bennet 11) completes a project suggested to Dyer-Bennet fifteen years ago by Alfred Frankenstein, music and art critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Dyer-Bennet gained access to the first editions of all 188 Foster songs, selected twelve, and utilized the original piano accompaniments.

The third of the new albums, *Mark Twain's '1601'* (DYB 1601), is the most startling recording Dyer-Bennet has ever made and it is likely to alter his "image," as he expectantly predicts. That "image" is of a gentle, cultivated musician on whom the white tie and tails of the concert hall appear entirely apposite. Actually, he is also a candid, informal, athletic man whose pleasures are not all of the mind or music. The first side of this third new set is a reading by Dyer-Bennet of the unexpurgated "1601: Conversation, as it was by the Social Fireside in the Time of the Tudors."

Twain imagined an evening during Queen Elizabeth's reign during which the Queen, Bacon, Raleigh, Jonson, Shakespeare, and others trade stories and insults with bawdy abandon. To Dyer-Bennet, the piece "is the most wickedly funny thing Twain ever wrote, and makes colorful and poetic use of all the vivid, coarse, blunt words of my Saxon forebears." The other side of the album consists of six thoroughly unbowdlerized folk songs, none of which could be played on the radio in the forms in which they appear on the recording.

Dyer-Bennet considers his recording activity on his own label—Mark Twain aside—an important responsibility in terms of his contribution to minstrelsy. "No matter how limited my appeal may become," he remarked recently, "if I do nothing else, I can leave behind a sizable body of my material as it was performed. So far my repertory includes five to six hundred songs. I don't want to leave it only in books, where the music cannot live. I wish, for instance, there had been Scholander recordings to study. I may well not be the most skillful possible representative of my way of singing, but these albums will indicate what a minstrel could do in the twentieth century. Perhaps some of them will be found in an attic by a young singer fifty years from now. If I didn't leave some such record, who would know what minstrelsy was?"

DYER-BENNET hopes, though not with much optimism, that some of the better young American folk singers—Joan Baez, for one—will consider the path of minstrelsy. The choice would require hard, long study of instrumental technique as well as equally diligent application to a broad range of songs and their traditions.

As for the possibility of his own audience increasing, Dyer-Bennet feels somewhat more sanguine. "Many of those," he notes, "who are now beginning to become interested in folk music have had little previous involvement in music of any kind. A certain percentage may eventually get dissatisfied with the narrowness of repertory of some of their current favorites. They may also become bored with hearing just tonic, dominant, and subdominant chords in a couple of keys as the background to folk singing. If that happens, they will move in the direction of more challenging music and will acquire wider tastes. A few may even discover minstrelsy. I say a few because I never did expect to appeal to very many.

"There are always new skills to be learned, old tools to be improved, and new songs which suddenly draw you into an intense desire to learn them. My credo remains that of Sven Scholander: 'The value lies inherent in the song, not in the regional mannerisms or colloquialisms.'"

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BOOKS

Auden's Breviary

ALFRED KAZIN

THE DYER'S HAND AND OTHER ESSAYS, by W. H. Auden. *Random House. $7.50.*

This is a remarkable book—probably the most telling collection of critical essays published in this country for a very long time. I have rarely seen a body of past essays and reviews ruthlessly melted down and then reshaped into such an integral and intense body of thought. Auden says that he writes poetry for love and criticism for money, but there is a pressing necessity behind this book, personal and spiritual, that is as much a presence in the book as Auden's ideas. The book finally reveals itself as a portrait of the poet in a fallen world.

It is as true of Auden as it is of the great creator-critics—Bernard Shaw, Henry James, Marcel Proust, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence—that his criticism is primarily partisan. What makes criticism by such great writers useful is precisely the personal demand they make of it—for them criticism is shop talk on the highest level. Where the wholly professional critic tends to be too appreciative, hospitable to all sorts of different writers so long as they are "good," the great imaginative writer-critic tends to make of criticism an image of the world required for the understanding and appreciation of his own work. It is not by being equal to every sort of literary experience but by exploring in depth the ideas that arise from *his* particular vision that a poet writing criticism tends to have more influence on criticism than professional critics do.

As an imaginative writer Auden is not, for me, in a class with James, Eliot, Lawrence, and Proust. Although he has remarkable intelligence, wit, culture, and the kind of self-dependence in making up his mind on all fundamental questions that is the unmistakable quality of first-class talents, his poetry has always given the impression of being at the mercy of the age. Auden's poems, whether playful or tragic, have always shown a self-conscious connection to the audience he would like to spurn, a need to shock it or to snub it or (more recently) to enlighten it. And to this extent he has not been free of the "public," the modern mass audience, but has been held down by it even when he has been denouncing it.

The lack of freedom from the pressure of society (even as compared with Auden's immediate predecessors among the poet-critics) is noticeable, for in our generation the possibility of preserving some vital area of personal consciousness free from "conditions" has been getting smaller. Auden has found himself hemmed in, in a total way that Frost and Eliot have not. It is also possible that some subtle disharmony and immaturity in Auden have made him depend too much on literature as a fundamental body of tradition. In his work the present is a world totally fallen, and does not learn from the past but is shamed by it. This may explain the conscious sense of limitation in Auden's poetry, which is not only a style—witty, intellectual, and dry—but also an evident personal dullness and even despair of feeling. His poems are set in motion not only by a clever style but by an acute sense of the historical gap, the contrast between the world into which he has fallen and the awareness embodied in the literature of the past.

IT IS FOR this reason, I think, that the criticism in this book has the driving quality of a man who feels compelled to define as sharply as possible, and if need be as pedantically, the poet's predicament in a fallen world. What makes the book effective as a personal revelation is Auden's attempt to compress everything into hard, clear-cut, either-or distinctions between right and wrong, true and false, primary and secondary, the "city" (in the sense of the Greek *polis*) and the mass of anonymous modern strangers. Stendhal once said, "If I am not clear, the whole world falls around me," and obviously Auden believes that spiritually we die of confusion and live only by the fiercest kind of moral clarity. For Auden the aphorism is the literary act that teaches us to choose well. "In our age, the mere making of a work of art is itself a political act. So long as artists exist, making what they please and think they ought to make, even if it is not terribly good, even if it appeals to only a handful of people, they remind the Management of something managers need to be reminded of, namely, that the managed are people with faces. . . . Our sufferings and weaknesses, in so far as they are personal, *our* sufferings, *our* weaknesses, are of no literary interest whatever. They are only interesting in so far as we can see them as typical of the human condition. A suffering, a weakness, which cannot be expressed as an aphorism should not be mentioned."

Never did a critic refer to so much of literature in order to clarify human motives alone. For Auden reading has an instructive function that it has ceased to have for most bookish people. When he refers to Falstaff, Don Quixote, and even Bertie Wooster, he makes them significant events in his consciousness that can be compared, for depth of meaning, only to the great experiences we have had of parents and great loves. When he describes his passion for detective stories, he makes a moral point: addicts love detective stories because of their sense of guilt, which is removed by exposure of the murderer with whom they unconsciously identify themselves. When he tells us how various Shakespeare plays or Italian operas should be staged (one of Auden's many brilliant gifts as a critic is his ability to see the moral conflict between characters in scenic terms), you never feel, as you do about Shaw, that the critic really wants to direct plays and operas. It is the limitations of human nature,

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the self-deceptions of the human condition, the calculus of our vanities and lusts that Auden must draw as the only place on which a human being can stand. He has melted down his critical essays into so many ideas of human finiteness and necessity, so many *aperçus* and aphorisms and bristling statements of moral science, that these essays become variations on a single argument: "It is a purely human illusion to imagine that the laws of the spiritual life are, like our legislation, imposed laws which we can break. We may defy them, either by accident, i.e., out of ignorance, or by choice, but we can no more break them than we can break the laws of human physiology by getting drunk."

Despite its chill stoicism, the book becomes as exhilarating as aphorisms always do, for they give us location, a resting place within the usual uncertainty. There may not be much to look forward to, Auden seems to be saying, but when a man can give us a definition of experience that can be trusted as a fact, he has given us some intellectual habitation.

AUDEN thus sees himself as a guide through our fallen world, a teacher to the unenlightened for whom there is hope if they can still remember Yea and Nay. His ideas seem to me pretty gloomy, but as a guide through the modern hell his performance is so brilliant, honest, and tough that it cheers you up: "There are people who are too intelligent to become authors, but they do not become critics." "No poet or novelist wishes he were the only one who ever lived, but most of them wish they were the only ones alive, and quite a number fondly believe their wish has been granted." "French classical tragedy strikes me as being opera for the unmusical." "What could be more terrifying than a modern office building? It seems to be saying to the white-collar slaves who work in it: 'For labor in this age, the human body is much more complicated than it need be: you would do better and be happier if it were simplified.'" "It is, perhaps, inevitable that respect for the liberty of the individual should have so greatly diminished and the authoritarian powers of the State have so greatly increased from what they were fifty years ago, for the main political issue today is concerned not with human liberties but with human necessities." "A daydream is a meal at which images are eaten. Some of us are gourmets, some gourmands, and a good many take their images precooked out of a can and swallow them down whole, absent-mindedly and with little relish." "Every European visitor to the United States is struck by the comparative rarity of what he would call a face, by the frequency of men and women who look like elderly babies. If he stays in the States for any length of time, he will learn that this cannot be put down to a lack of sensibility—the American feels the joys and sufferings of human life as keenly as anybody else. The only plausible explanation I can find lies in his different attitude to the past. To have a face, in the European sense of the word, it would seem that one must not only enjoy and suffer but also desire to preserve the memory of even the most humiliating and unpleasant experiences of the past."

Of such is Auden's breviary. At times his observations seem almost too good for criticism, proper only to a poem, as when he says that from an airplane "all history is reduced to nature," but that "if the effect of distance upon the observed and the observer were mutual, so that, as the objects on the ground shrank in size and lost their uniqueness, the observer in the airplane felt himself shrinking and becoming more and more generalized, we should either give up flying as too painful or create a heaven on earth." But on the other hand, perhaps this book would not be this good if Auden's poetry filled up his own mind. Eliot once said that poetry describes the world as it is, criticism as it should be. Auden, by the very severity of his critical arguments, makes one wonder if criticism of this kind does not for him diminish poetry. He has expressed so brilliantly the limitations of our nature and the defects of our society that perhaps he has proved too well that a more generous, a more comprehensive, a less self-conscious art, of the kind he identifies with the past, is impossible.

Polish Pragmatism

HANS LANDSBERG

CENTRAL PLANNING IN POLAND, by John Michael Montias. *Yale. $7.50.*

Not even to the intelligent layman, that earnest consumer of technical texts whose hunger for knowledge is heavily counted on by the university presses, does one lightheartedly recommend a book of more than four hundred pages, replete with diagrams, formulas, statistical appendices, and eighteen pages of bibliographical references (mostly in Polish). Ordinarily a script so clearly addressed to the fraternity of academic economists qualifies for reading exclusively by those operating "at the summit." While agreeing with the recent judgment of John Kenneth Galbraith that operations performed in that rarefied atmosphere are best left to be watched by those who dwell there, I am tempted to grant a waiver to Mr. Montias.

If the reader will go at this book selectively, picking and choosing as he goes along, he will emerge from it with an improved understanding not only of the problems and frustrations of Polish economic planning but also of some of the central problems of our own economic growth. He is likely to meet them all: the efficiency of the price system in allocating resources; the quest for efficiency of investments given alternative opportunities; the merits of decentralization of decision-making (the cry of the western-leaning Polish economists more than faintly paralleling the urgings of the more conservative among their U.S. colleagues); and even the familiar American dilemma of how to achieve over-all economies by creating ever larger aggregations of producing units without destroying the independence of the "little fellow," and the indispensable incentives to effort.

To be sure, there is also the hopelessness of seeking economic changes against the basic political will and control of the party, but these problems are prominent among all those cast up by economic planning in a Communist society. Little wonder

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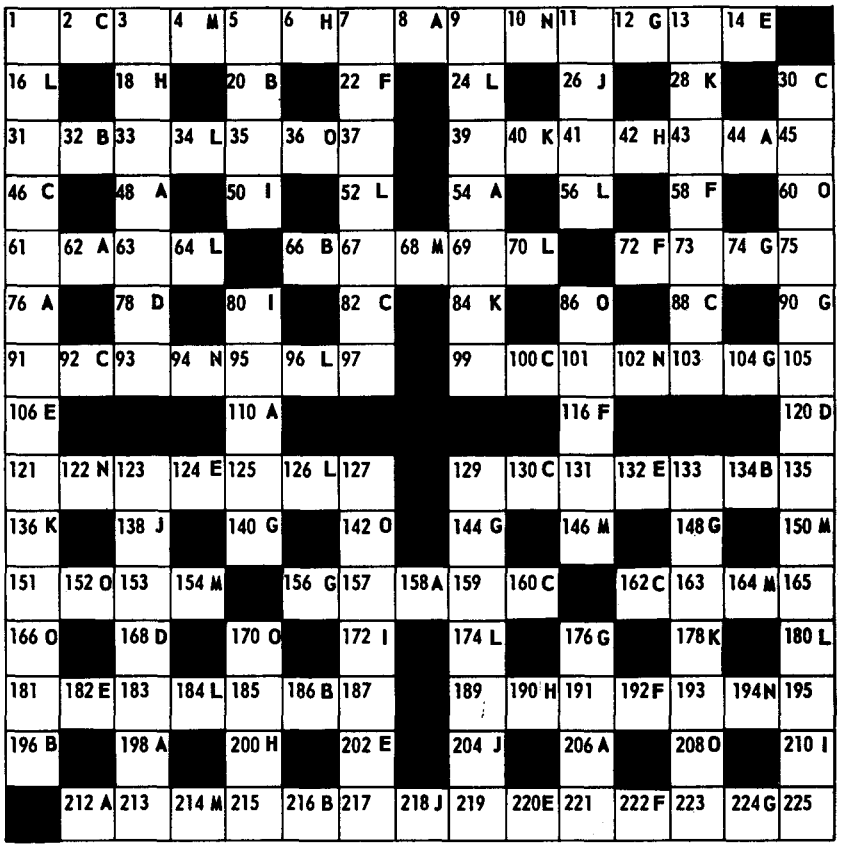
THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 71

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
76 62 158 54 44 8 48 198 110 206 212
A central borough in the city of London.

B
32 66 216 196 134 186 20 A popular summer drink (4,3).

C
130 2 46 82 88 92 162 30 160 100 "They say that man is mighty,/He governs____." William Ross Wallace, "What Rules the World" (4,3,3).

D
168 78 120 "But winter ling'ring chills the_____of May." Goldsmith, "The Traveller."

E
202 14 132 124 220 106 182 To involve deeply; absorb.

F
222 58 22 72 192 116 "The slender would not shake/One long milk-bloom on the tree." Tennyson, "Maud."

G
148 12 104 156 224 74 176 140 144 90 ___ shouldst be living at this hour: /England hath need of thee." Wordsworth, "National Independence and Liberty" (6,4).

H
18 190 6 42 200 Building in Paris at the intersection of the Blvd. Madeleine and the Rue du Quatre Septembre.

I
50 210 80 172
"The Stars are setting and the Caravan Starts for the ___ of Nothing – Oh, make haste!"
Fitzgerald, "Omar Khayyam."

J
138 204 26 218 The scene of Albert Camus' novel "The Plague."

K
40 136 28 84 178 "The dust and silence of the_____shelf." Macaulay, "Milton."

L
184 180 24 34 16 70 52 64 126 174 56 96
A term sometimes applied to the Acrostician because of his activities (5-7).

M
154 4 68 146 150 164 214 "An' it all goes into the_____But it never comes out in wash." Kipling, "Stellenbosch."

N
10 122 102 194 94 "Cowslips from a Devon combe–Midland furze_____. Kipling, "The Flowers."

O
60 166 142 170 36 152 208 86 A demon or evil spirit.

ACROSS

1. What ought to be the feeling of the OAS, but seems to be the moving spirit of the neutralist bloc at the UN.
31. The UN I mob, I do, for columbium.
39. With 66 across, the place of employment of the Acrostician (7,5).
61. An old Japanese city in which many Edomites lived.
66. See 39 across.
72. A fantastic inquest holds five in France.
91. Ay, risen is appropriate when the old man is getting along thus (2,5).
99. A pail I'll carry for small stones.
121. Feeds facts, but not sad ones, and so brings about results.
129. A South American capital and so forth have such a weather pattern.
151. A Greek coin found in Anglo-Bolivian excavations.
156. A ship hold tea? No, vice versa, and in a cup to boot, in Paris!
162. With Pan, David's wife becomes a symbol for curiosity.
181. Heeding what the horses said?
189. A pair or I may argue this way (1,6).
212. What good poetry often has for a plan (5,3,6).

DOWN

1. With 123 down, a short-sighted economy that throws its weight about? (5,4,5,7).
3. Do any? No, not one at this hour.
5. I? Mad about the girl.
7. Mrs. 162 across has need for these.
9. Store 150 for a leather bottle.
11. An open aperture may hold part of the neck.
13. Allspice (not a pound!) can be of a distinctive character.
30. Is a seed slain? Not when it holds a quip and is given to long words.
80. Look out! And it's a society with Ward.
86. A castle site may put one in a spin.
123. See 1 down.
127. A white infusible powder found in Northern Europe.
129. A fish holds a star and we find an English apple.
133. All is loving when a short America holds a Filipino.
170. Sam Johnson was the Great one with a hundredworth of ham!
176. A Shakespearean actor, not Greet, but almost.

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that Polish economists (and according to recent evidence, Soviet economists as well) have begun to borrow increasingly from the arsenal of techniques their western counterparts have developed. The aim, of course, is to make their economic system, despite the constraints of rapidly changing and rigidly enforced political directives, operate with a minimum of maladjustment.

There is no longer any question that the Soviet-type economy *can* function. But for those who worry about the often impressive production figures and growth rates emanating from behind the Iron Curtain, it should be reassuring to learn that political commissars and Soviet blueprints can cause even greater headaches than the shortcomings of the pricing mechanism in a competitive market. Professor Montias's blow-by-blow description of the inner-circle struggles over the foundations of economic policy make the recurrent arguments between the Treasury, the Federal Reserve System, and the White House look like love feasts. It is this gain in perspective and the light it throws on the tremendous strains and stresses operating within the Soviet-style economic system that make this a book worth the non-economist's attention. «»

Irish Without Tears

JAMES T. McCARTIN

BRENDAN BEHAN'S ISLAND: AN IRISH SKETCHBOOK, by Brendan Behan. *Geis. $4.95.*

The examples of Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw have convinced few people that it is possible to be a public clown and serious playwright simultaneously. Brendan Behan is even easier to dismiss than Shaw and Wilde were in their time because, as he has said himself, he is a natural bum. Yet even those who don't admire his writings should recognize that they represent an important change in Irish literature.

The best-known contemporary Irish writers—Sean O'Casey, Frank

O'Connor, Elizabeth Bowen, Sean O'Faolain, Samuel Beckett, Mary Lavin—are the product of an Ireland that no longer exists, a country disrupted and embittered by the struggle to free itself from England and to form a stable government. Brendan Behan represents a new generation that regards Ireland neither as a cause nor a curse. Its energies are directed toward abolishing its awesome poverty and chronic emigration, not against opposing political factions. *Brendan Behan's Island* does not so much explain this generation as demonstrate its freedom from the past. In it, the "troubles" of 1916-1922 are history; poems to Wilde and Joyce are side by side, as if Joyce were at last a classic, spared the indignity of being an influence. Joyce's problems as an artist and a man were those of a provincial who refused to make the commitment to nationalism his time demanded, and he became an exile. The penalty he paid for refusing to commit himself was an obsession with Ireland.

Such a commitment is no longer necessary, and Behan, who is at home in London and New York, can take or leave Dublin as he chooses. He remains there not through patriotism but because it is a pleasant and inexpensive place in which to live, tolerant of alcohol, slovenliness, and garrulity. Ireland has become mellow. Hatred of England has lost its intensity, and even the injustice of a partitioned Ulster has not been sufficient to keep the Irish Republican Army alive.

WHEN Behan speaks of England's policy in Ireland during the famine of 1847 ("that the Irish should be exterminated"), he is not calling for revenge against England but reminding the Irish Catholic Church of its fallibility on political questions. (During the famine the church supported the English government in its coercive measures.) But he is not, like Joyce, a bitterly renegade Catholic. He is an indifferent one. Though Ireland remains an intensely Catholic country, it is now possible for an Irishman to be an indifferent Catholic, just as it is possible for an Irishman to regard England as the relic of an empire. This could not have happened twenty years ago.

As a child Behan was a member of the IRA, and as a consequence spent most of his adolescence in prison. It is a mark of his character that his sufferings purged him of hatred and taught him the absurdity of abstractions that breed cruelty, cowardice, and stupidity. He has freed himself of the self-righteousness and narrowness of the oppressors and the oppressed, and he is as incapable of hating an Englishman, a Southerner, or an Arab as he is of hating a Negro, Jew, or Algerian. His school—the prison—did not teach orthodox ideas, and *Brendan Behan's Island* has something in it bound to offend everyone. Behan attacks "Anglo-Irish genius" as myth, since the great Irishmen who were nominally Anglo-Irish were not members of that economic class which regards itself as a special breed in Ireland. He dismisses the fear that Ireland's rigid censorship harms Irish writers. He defends the Irish government's program making the teaching of Gaelic compulsory in public schools. He even commits the heresy of quoting Stalin approvingly, and of saying that had Michael Collins known the writings of Lenin, it would have been good for Ireland.

While he was learning the hard lesson that an Irishman or a fellow prisoner could be a vindictive enemy, and an English prison guard a kind friend, Behan's comfort was in song. For this reason, songs are an integral part of *Brendan Behan's Island* as they have been of all his works. They are part of his style, as natural in their place as a footnote in a doctoral thesis.

He has also mastered the art of writing as if he were chatting at a bar. This will continue to confuse critics who feel that only colorless, ponderous writing can be serious.

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The fine art of non-fiction

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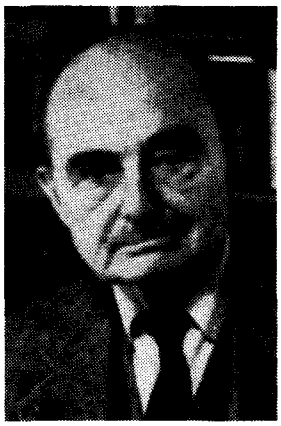

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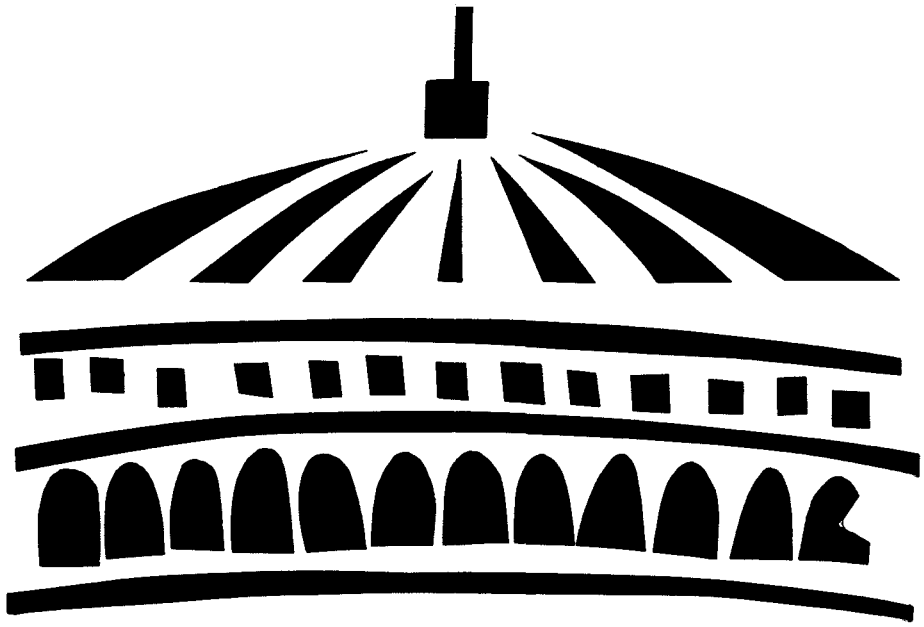

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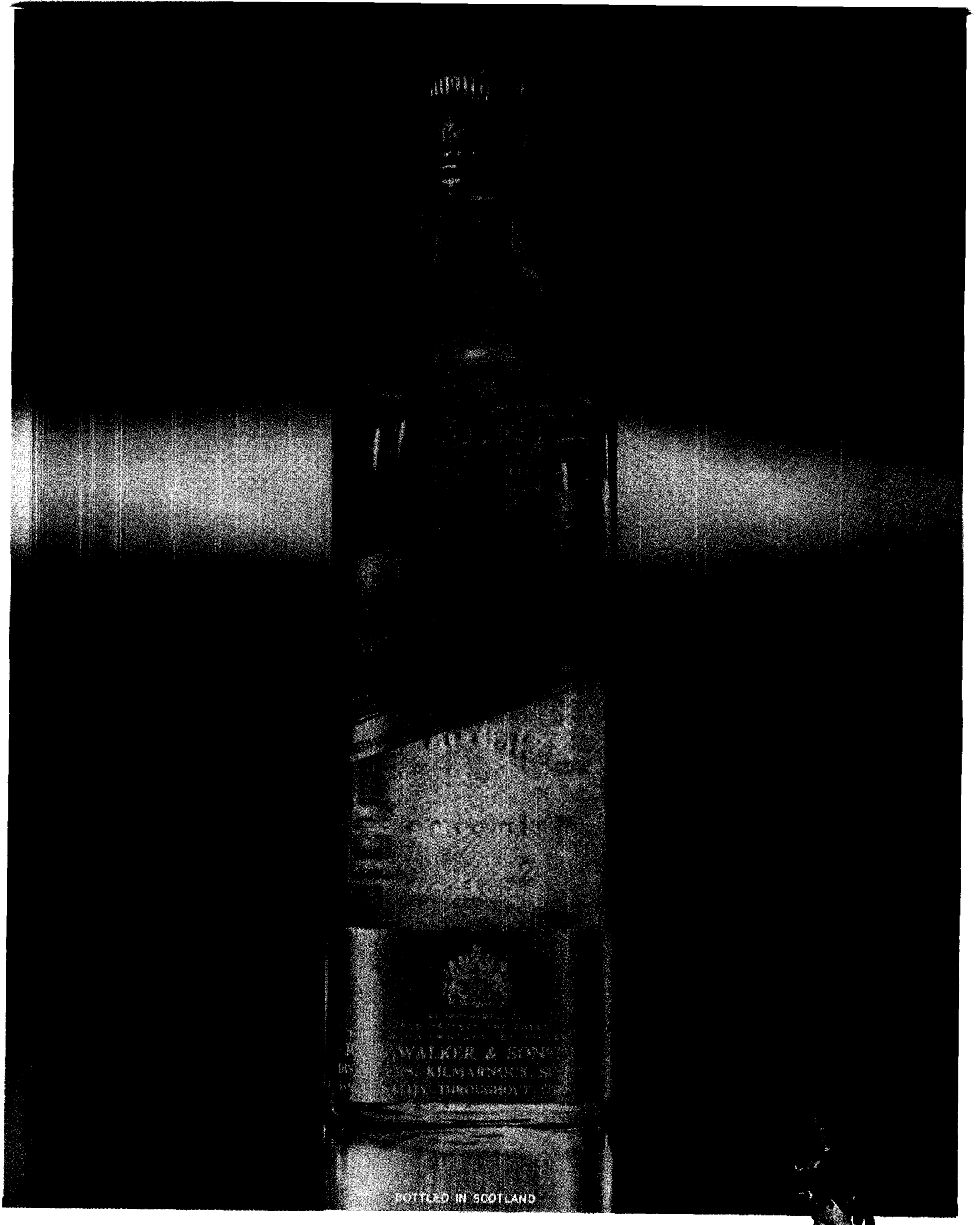

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